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THE DEAD BRIDE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. M. F. TUCKER.

Bells are ringing, sad and slow,
For a loved one lying low,
Cold and still, and pale as snow.

O'er the quiet, pulseless breast,
Folded hands are lightly pressed,
In an everlasting rest.

On one taper finger white,
Gleaming in the mellow light,
Is a golden circlet bright.

He who loved her placed it there,
Parting back the silken hair
From the forehead low and fair.

While he whispered in her ear
Something she was pleased to hear,
Or she had not leaned so near.

To the holy altar led,
Solemn were the vows they said—
She and her below'd were wed.

Could he cast aside the veil,
Could he read the untold tale,
His thanksgiving were a wail.

But we, none of us, may know
What the sorrow and the woe
He shall have to undergo.

Journeying with dauntless tread,
And unconscious feet are led
To the chambers of the dead.

She who yesternight was pressed
Closely to a throbbing breast,
In her grave-clothes lieth dressed.

Oh, it seemeth sad she should
Fade at dawn of womanhood!
Yet we know that God is good.

Twine the flowers in her hair,
Such as she was want to wear,
Just as she had placed them there.

Pillow soft the precious head.
Let a sweet "good-night" be said,
As this were her bridal bed.

Faithfully her memory keep,
While others watch and weep,
Think of her as one asleep.

Original Novelet.

THE WITHERED HEART.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY T. S. ARTHUR.

According to Act of Congress, in the year [illegible] by T. S. Arthur, in the Clerk's Office of [illegible] District Court for the Eastern District of Penn[illegible]

CHAPTER XIII.

[illegible] this time forth, daily and weekly, did [illegible]rdy look for some change in his wife's exterior; but he looked in vain. She [illegible] calm, cold, dreamy, passionless—at least to [illegible]m. Ever prompt in all her household duties, [illegible]e left no room whatever for blame; and when [illegible] fretted self will overleaped itself into im[illegible]tience, and in his blindness he thrust at her [illegible]clings sharply, the point of his weapon seem[illegible]nstantly to lose its temper, for it made no [illegible]ceptible wound. When her parents or friends [illegible]e to see them, she put on a different and [illegible]er exterior—though not the bright one of [illegible], and when she went abroad into company, [illegible]appeared to take a quiet interest in persons [illegible]things, though not the old interest. But [illegible]n her husband she never smiled at home or [illegible]ad. To him she was the same at all times, [illegible]r all circumstances, and in all places.

[illegible]nd so the honey moon, and many other [illegible]ons passed. The new life, to which both had [illegible]oked forward as full of the heart's deepest [illegible]y—as warm with golden sunshine, and rich in [illegible] delights, gave no more beauty nor fragrance [illegible]an an arctic summer.

Still the unyielding John Hardy, who carried [illegible]rywhere in society a calm, mild countenance, [illegible]d a blandness of manner that charmed almost [illegible]ry one, changed not his estimate of his wife's [illegible]racter. To him the belief that she was but [illegible]ggling on for the victory was as fixed as an [illegible]m; and, while he believed this, to yield [illegible] conciliate was impossible. "Break or [illegible]" was his stern motto in the case. But [illegible] to break had become the puzzling ques[illegible].

All at once the writhing heart had ceas[illegible]d to struggle in his grasp. Again and again [illegible]iron fingers contracted, suddenly, or in a [illegible]ddily accumulating pressure, until all the [illegible]'s vigorous strength, increased by passion, [illegible]applied even to the point of exhaustion. [illegible]et not the feeblest quiver of pain was re[illegible]

[illegible] the woman alive or dead?" he would [illegible]times exclaim, after one of these cruel [illegible]rts to find the region of vitality.

[illegible]few months more, and Mrs. Hardy's states [illegible] feeling became singularly variable. She [illegible]d pass hours, and sometimes almost days, [illegible]ping and grieving like a disappointed child [illegible]nswering no inquiries, and taking no food. [illegible]en she would fall into the saddest abstrac[illegible], which nothing could overcome. After[illegible]s would [illegible] periods of quiet devotion to [illegible] duties [illegible] household. Through all of [illegible]se vary[illegible]ods of mind Mr. Hardy was [illegible]changed [illegible] estimate of their meaning; [illegible]the p[illegible]manhood, as he called it, was [illegible]strong [illegible]nit any yielding, or any humor[illegible]on his part.

[illegible]The bird is caged—" this was one of his [illegible]ally spoken figures of speech—"and all [illegible]ng against the bars is vain. The bruised [illegible]must fold themselves in weakness or ac[illegible]ence. There is no other hope."

[illegible]r. Hardy, as we have before remarked, had [illegible]rgan of language pretty large. His thought [illegible]ctive, and his tongue always stood ready [illegible]o utterance to thought. It was almost [illegible]ible for him to think intently, without

[illegible]H[illegible]d been more reflective, and con[illegible]ly more silent, opportunity for a healthier change in his wife's feelings might have been given. But she was constantly thinking bitter things against her, and as constantly saying them. He believed that, as continual dropping wears away a stone, a continual utterance of his views in regard to his wife's conduct, would, in the end, satisfy her that she was understood, and that her effort to break him down was hopeless. From milder forms of speech his ingenuity led him on to the framing of bolder thrusts and more cruel accusations.

"I thought," he said one day, "that I was taking a dove to my bosom. But—"

He looked steadily at his wife, expecting some flash of interest to pass over her face. But she seemed as one who had not heard him speak.

"—I was in error—"

He added these words slowly, still looking at her with a severe countenance. She gave back no sign.

"A viper to sting me is a poor substitute!"

It was a very cruel speech. Yet for all that was visible, it did not penetrate the consciousness of Mrs. Hardy; and her husband, after he had given forth the unmanly sentence, felt some relief in the impression that she had not really comprehended his words. But he was in error here, as in most things touching his wife. She had heard, and the sentence was already ineffaceably written down in her memory, among the many other cruel sentences uttered by him since their marriage.

Mr. and Mrs. Enfield were both puzzled to understand the true state of their daughter's mind. To them she had all at once become reserved and incommunicative. Deceived, in a measure, by Mr. Hardy's bland speeches, and by his uniform gentle, yielding and affectionate manner towards Jane whenever they saw them together, the father and mother received an impression that their daughter was most to blame for the state of affairs unhappily existing. A single intimation of this at once changed towards them the feelings and whole demeanor of their daughter. To her this was the going out of the last earthly light shining upon her dark, rough, thorny path. That *they* should so misapprehend her! It was the portion in her cup bitterest of all. From that time she was as incomprehensible to them as to others; and met any questions or remonstrances they felt called upon to make, with the same coldness that marked her conduct towards her husband.

The birth of a daughter brought to Mrs. Hardy the dawn of a new day. But this day set ere long in darkness. Night followed quickly upon the morning. Mr. Hardy had his own views about children, and the little Helen was scarcely a week old before he commenced laying down the formula of her home education. Every word, every sentence, every proposition, sent a chill to the young mother's heart. A year's close observation of her husband, under circumstances largely advantageous for a correct knowledge of his character, satisfied her as to one thing, that he had no tender feelings of his own, and no perception of the sources of mental suffering in others. That her child would inherit from her a high degree of sensitiveness to external impressions, tending, most probably, to a morbid development under wrong treatment, she felt certain; and the yearning love, born with it, in her mother's heart, took up at once its burden of sorrow for her child—and even while she clasped it in an ecstasy of maternal joy to her bosom, she prayed that it might not long be permitted to remain away from its better home among the angels.

The fears of Mrs. Hardy were not idle, and well she knew it. Not a month went by before her husband commenced a meddlesome interference with her motherly duties; objecting to this; proposing that; reading constant homilies on the ignorance displayed by most women in regard to physiological laws; and, boldly declaring, that his children should not be subjected to the murderous treatment by which thousands of little innocents were yearly swept into the grave. As before the birth of the babe, so after it, Mr. Hardy did not find in his wife any disposition to yield a ready acquiescence to his will. She entered into no contention with him; answered none of his propositions; combatted none of his theories; but went on quietly to do for her babe what love, duty, and the best information she could obtain prompted her to do. If what he proposed—which was too rarely the case—agreed with her own views of right, the thing was done. If it did not agree therewith it was not done; and Mr. Hardy talked and scolded in vain. It was the same in regard to her mother, who, under Mr. Hardy's plausible representations, sometimes came over to his side. If she saw with them, well—if not, she never followed their suggestions or commands.

Very mildly, though often firmly, did Mr. Hardy talk to his wife about her way of taking care of the little Helen when Mrs. Enfield was present. But when they were alone he was far from being as gentle in manner, or as choice in his selection of words.

"Will you hear to reason, Jane?" How very imperative the tone in which he would thus address her on finding that she would neither discuss a question touching the mode of dressing, feeding, or managing the babe, nor in any way modify her own nursery discipline. Or, he would say, in his impatience—

"I believe you would destroy the child's health, rather than yield, in the slightest degree, to my wishes." Or,

"I will have none of this nonsense. The child is mine as well as yours, and my word, touching its welfare, must have weight."

But all this availed little. Mrs. Hardy believed that she understood the babe's true character and wants much better than the father, and in nothing did she yield. His unkind words she bore in patience, though often they fell heavily upon her heart.

Up to its third month the child had been very healthy, not once requiring the attendance of a physician. On the subject of medicine Mr. and Mrs. Hardy did not agree. In Mr. Enfield's family a very mild form of treatment had been adopted, and their daughter, from childhood up to womanhood, had been spared the severities practiced upon so many children. No crude poisons had been thrown into her system, to corrode its delicate tissues, and create new diseases harder to eradicate than such as came in the natural way. Mr. Hardy, on the contrary, scouted at this mild treatment as based on a tissue of absurdities, and altogether at war with his favorite common sense.

In the choice of her own physician, Mrs. Hardy firmly adhered to the medical views in which she had been educated, and in the truth of which she had the strongest assurance. Mr. Hardy tried to reason with her on the subject; but she offered no arguments in return, simply adhering to her purpose. But when it came to the question of a physician for the sick babe, the father was determined to have his will, and his physician was called. Mrs. Hardy made no opposition beyond a simple pleading remonstrance. For herself she would have asked nothing; but for her babe she would have humbled herself at his feet, could that have availed anything. But she had learned to believe her husband's oft-repeated words—"John Hardy never changes." And so she was passive.

The physician, a kind, gentlemanly, appreciative man, came at the summons, and found the babe ill, and in immediate need of attention. He had never met Mrs. Hardy before, and was struck with her manner and appearance—and particularly with the singular way in which she received him. When he laid his hand upon the child, he could see that the mother shrunk from him with a kind of dread, and that she was altogether ill at ease. Anxious to comprehend the meaning of this, he sought, first, by kind inquiries and expressions of tender interest in the babe, to gain her confidence; and he was in a measure successful.—Then, after carefully noting all the symptoms, he spoke encouragingly, and predicted a speedy return to health.

"You will not give her very strong medicine, doctor?" said Mrs. Hardy, with much anxiety in her tone.

"No, madam," he answered, promptly; "infants cannot bear strong medicines."

"Don't trouble yourself about that, child," remarked Mr. Hardy, affecting a lightness of manner that he did not feel. "The doctor understands the case and its requirements, and will do everything that is needed, safely."

The doctor now wrote a prescription, which Mrs. Hardy read over eagerly as soon as it was completed. She understood enough of it to be aware that it was nauseous, and would have to be given every hour.

"You had better send for the medicine at once," said the doctor, speaking to Mr. Hardy. "The sooner we make an attack upon this disease, the sooner we may hope to dislodge the enemy."

"It shall be procured immediately," answered Mr. Hardy. "I will myself call at the druggist's and see that it is here in less than twenty minutes."

At this point Mrs. Hardy's mind seemed to acquire a new interest in the case. She asked the doctor very particularly as to the character of the disease, and what parts of the body were most affected thereby. The questions were answered with all the minuteness she seemed to desire.

As soon as the doctor had left, the manner of Mr. Hardy changed towards his wife, as it usually changed after the departure of any visitor.

"I will send home the medicine immediately," said he, preparing at once to leave, "and be sure to give it according to direction."

Mrs. Hardy did not reply. Indeed, she rarely made answer to any imperative requirement of her husband. Mr. Hardy stood looking at her for a few moments, fretted, as he usually was, at the seeming indifference of her manner, and tempted to utter some rebuke. He repressed the words that were on his tongue, however, and withdrew in silence.

The moment he left the room, a new interest seemed to awaken in the mind of his wife. An intelligent change passed over her countenance; her whole form arose from its shrinking attitude, and she leaned her head, listening to the sound of his footsteps. When she heard the street door close, she called to the nurse, and resigning the babe, went from the nursery to her chamber, and commenced hurriedly changing her garments, making preparation to go out.—By the time she was ready, a lad from the apothecary's came with the medicine. As soon as the preparation reached her hands, she thrust it into a drawer, with an expression of disgust on her countenance. Going back into the nursery, she said to the attendant who had little Helen in her charge:

"Take good care of my precious one. I am going out, but will be home in less than half-an-hour."

The nurse could not help remarking an unusual glow on the face of Mrs. Hardy, and an unusual brightness in her eyes.

From her own home to the dwelling of the physician who had visited in her father's family from the earliest days back to which remembrance could go, Mrs. Hardy went with almost the fleetness of wind. Concealing all but the fact of her babe's illness, Mrs. Hardy gave the doctor so clear a statement of the case, that he could prescribe almost as intelligently as if the patient were before him. On giving her the required medicine, he said:

"Perhaps I had better call in through the day, and see if the remedy acts with precision."

"No, doctor," was answered. "I have reasons for not wishing you to call. After dinner I will come round again, and let you know what change in the symptoms has occurred. In the meantime, give me any hint you think needed in regard to the observation of symptoms."

The doctor reflected a moment, and then gave the direction she asked. Hurrying home, with a heart all fluttering with fear lest her husband, from some instinctive knowledge of what she was doing, should have returned during her absence, she entered, with glowing cheeks, the room where she had left her babe. The nurse looked up with an anxious countenance.

"Poor child!" she said, almost tearfully, "how sick she is! Hadn't we better give her the medicine Mr. Hardy sent home?"

"It is in my drawer," remarked Mrs. Hardy, averting her face, so that its expression could betray nothing that was in her thoughts. "I will bring it in a moment."

After bending down to look at her sick child, and kissing it, she went hastily to her room and laid aside her bonnet and shawl. Then taking from the drawer where she had placed it the package of medicine prescribed by the visiting physician, she carried it to the nursery, and handing it to the attendant, as she received from her the babe into her own arms, said:

"Mix this according to direction, and bring it up when ready. It is to be given every hour."

The nurse took the package of medicine, remarking to herself, as she did so, that not many mothers would trust another to prepare medicine for a sick babe, and went down stairs to do as bidden. The moment she had left the room, Mrs. Hardy drew forth a little packet of powders, and hastily opening one of them, dropped the contents into her infant's mouth. It was no offensive dose, for the lips of the sick babe were instantly compressed, and then moved as if a sweet morsel were on its tongue. The mother was gazing anxiously, yet with a new hope in her heart, born of her confidence in the remedies prescribed by the old family physician, when the nurse returned. She stood before Mrs. Hardy, holding the cup of medicine in expectation that she would take a spoonful of the sickening compound, and force it down the throat of the tender babe. Mrs. Hardy looked at her for a moment or two, and then said:

"Put the cup on the table. I will not disturb her just now. She seems to be sleeping."

"It is a good while since the doctor was here," suggested the nurse "and the baby is very sick. Isn't it risking too much to delay any longer?"

"I will not disturb her at present," replied Mrs. Hardy, firmly. "She's asleep—and sleep is a great restorer."

"You can go down stairs," she added, after a little while. "When I want you, I will ring."

The nurse, wondering at what seemed to her singular conduct in Mrs. Hardy, obeyed the suggestion, and left the apartment. Not once was the babe out of the arms of its mother from that time until Mr. Hardy's return at two o'clock. Every half hour during the period, she had given a powder, and now had the infinite satisfaction of seeing a marked improvement—so marked, that the father, as he bent anxiously over his first born felt a heavy weight of concern taken from his bosom.

"Doctor L—— is a man of great skill," said he. "His prescription is doing wonders. You may rest in the fullest assurance that all is safe in his hands. A very different state of things would now exist had I been weak enough to yield to your prejudice in favor of the silliest medical practice that ever deceived the people. Instead of this healthy change, our precious babe would, in all probability now be far out of the reach of human aid."

Mrs. Hardy offered no reply, but kept her face bent so low over the babe in her lap, that its expression was hidden from the eyes of her husband.

When the doctor called, late in the day, he found a most encouraging change. The fever had entirely subsided, and every other symptom of disease was visibly abated. He congratulated the mother on the favorable turn things had taken, consequent on the curative action of the medicine prescribed.

Mrs. Hardy did not respond very warmly to this, nor seem at her ease. Naturally free from guile, and truthful from principle, this, almost the first instance of her life in which she had acted with duplicity, disturbed the quiet of her self-repose. She had deceived the doctor, and done what he would regard as a professional insult. And, this being so, she could not assume towards him the pleased, familiar, confiding air his manner invited; but rather treated him with greater coldness and reserve than in the morning. The doctor was altogether at a loss to understand Mrs. Hardy. He had heard something said as to her being "peculiar;" and he was inclined to think there might be some truth in the suggestion.

"How much of the medicine is left?" he inquired, looking towards the mantle-piece where the cup in which it had been mixed was standing.

"It is all gone," was answered, "I knocked over the cup a little while ago, and spilled every drop. But, baby is so much better that I hardly think a new supply will be needed."

"I will repeat the prescription," said the doctor, "making a slight change. You can send for it, and give a dose every three hours, instead of every hour, as at first."

The doctor departed, musing within himself on the peculiarity of Mrs. Hardy's conduct, and wondering what it could mean.

"There is something behind all this," he said to himself—"something hidden below the surface, and out of the reach, at present, of my plummet line. I must dive into the mystery."

Mrs. Hardy, while rejoicing over the escape and speedy convalescence of her babe, and feeling conscience clear, so far as duty to her tender offspring was concerned, experienced a new sense of inward pain. A stern necessity had required her to do violence to one of the instinctive virtues of her nature. Truth was born with her, and truthfulness of conduct had ever marked her deportment from childhood upwards. But in this thing, she had deceived her husband, and deceived an honorable, kind, and gentlemanly physician. How painful was the self-abasement that assumed a morbid condition, and increased the longer her thought dwelt on the recent hurried scene through which she had passed!

"Was it wrong?" Over and over again did she ask herself this question; and over and over again, the emphatic answer, in her own thought, was "No!"

During the afternoon, Mrs. Hardy made another visit to her physician, and received an additional supply of medicine. When her husband returned, in the evening, and found the babe so much better that all fear on its account was entirely removed, his satisfaction was great, and he expressed his pleasure in the warmest manner. Mrs. Hardy seemed scarcely cheerful, and did not respond to her husband in a way that to him was satisfactory. Even greater than his was her rejoicing; but her pain of mind was great, also, and shadowed her countenance. She had, in the performance of what she regarded as a mother's sacred duty, done violence to one of the higher instincts of her nature—and such violence is always followed by suffering.

"I am half inclined to believe that you are sorry the child is better," said Mr. Hardy, abruptly. He had ceased to be very careful in his selection of words, when addressing his wife, unless in company with others. The entire absence of any sign of feeling when he spoke with harshness, led him naturally into the error, that she had lost the sensibility of former years; and that it needed a deep probe, and a firm hand to find the region of pain. And faithfully did he act up to his convictions.

"Why so?" inquired Mrs. Hardy, lifting her quiet eyes to his face, and speaking in a voice that betrayed no sign of feeling.

"Because the fact proves the value of an old and true system of medicine, and forever silences all your cavilling objections."

There was no change on the countenance of Mrs. Hardy, whose eyes dropped to the face of the babe that lay close to her bosom. But it was a mistake that she did not feel the unkindness of her husband's remark. She would have cared less if she had not deceived him. That fact rested like a mountain upon her heart, and made deeper the shadows that never lifted therefrom their sombre curtains for a moment.

At this point in the sad history of her inner life, sickening doubts began to intrude themselves upon the mind of Mrs. Hardy. Doubts as to the wisdom and goodness of that Divine Providence which she had been taught from childhood up to believe intimate and benevolent in all the relations of her life, even to the minutest particulars. Truth she loved and revered—and this fact in her mental organization, shows how deeply she must have suffered under the false charge of "acting a part" so often made by her husband. The new trial into which she was brought by the sickness of her babe, and the necessity that rested upon her to act in contravention of her husband's wishes, and with a secrecy that to her involved duplicity, enabled some evil spirit to throw into her mind a flood of doubts and wild questionings, and to painfully bewilder her hitherto clear perceptions.

Mr. Hardy, having gained a triumph, as he imagined, over his wife, and compelled her to have his own physician to attend their sick babe, did not show himself a very generous conqueror; but kept referring over and over again to the fact, and in a way that was far from agreeable to Mrs. Hardy. She did not reply to him in any case. But he saw that her countenance, when she fell into her usual states of abstraction, was more shadowed than usual, and he interpreted the meaning of this to suit his own false estimate of her feelings.

CHAPTER XIV.

From this time forward new trials awaited Mrs. Hardy at almost every step of her troubled way through life. Her views of home education ran by no means parallel with those of her husband; and her perception of her children's characters and wants was altogether different from his. He made rules for their government from his intellect, while she perceived what was best for them from the heart. He *thought* out a system of home management, and decided, from *reason*, that it was right as applied to children in all cases, and of course right as applied to his own; and any deviation from this system on the part of his wife, was met by complaint, remonstrance or censure. Many of his rules and requirements were regarded by her as oppressive, others as cruel, and most of them as in direct antagonism to the wants of their children's natures. To carry them out in all cases she felt to be wrong, for such execution of the law would destroy in them qualities which, if nurtured and developed, would be, in her estimation, the crowning graces of their lives.

And so the years passed, with but little sunshine for the heart of the unhappy wife and mother, and many shadows. In the eyes of her husband, she was still a rebel in heart against his just authority; and he, as in the beginning, neither forgave the opposition, nor yielded in anything to what he deemed whim or perverseness. All her sad states of mind—her days, and sometimes weeks of gloomy prostration—he regarded as the writhings of an unbroken spirit yet struggling for the ascendancy.

The single instance given, wherein Mrs. Hardy deceived her husband in order to save her babe from what she regarded the severities of an imperfect system of medicine, was but one of a thousand. Almost daily, for the sake of her children, did she act towards him with duplicity; and every such act laid a new weight upon her heart, until the pressure became so heavy that respiration was almost impossible.

During all this time, and while the ordeal through which Mrs. Hardy was passing was paling her cheeks, robbing her beautiful eyes of their lustre, wasting her form of perfect symmetry to a shadow, and shutting her up, recluse like, at home, Mr. Hardy retained his sunny presence, and in all companies and at all times—save when alone with his wife—met friends and strangers in the most genial manner. As in the beginning, he was still largely interested in the prosecution of general schemes of benevolence, and gave his money freely to sustain them. Not having received sunshine at home—the sunshine so much coveted and so much talked about at the commencement of his married life—he was the more ready to give his evenings to Board meetings, public assemblies, and other convocations at which he either presided, or acted in some prominent position. In the eyes of most men, and most women also, he was a large specimen of humanity; and when, at distant intervals of time, his unhappy-looking wife, self-compelled, appeared with him abroad, people regarded her in wonder, and pitied her husband.

Seven years after the marriage of Mrs. Hardy, both her father and mother died, within the space of a single month. Her husband, as the sad separation drew near, and its occurrence was seen to be inevitable, awaited its consummation with considerable uneasiness, in view of its depressing effect upon the mind of his wife. But the solemn hour of death came to both father and mother, and the daughter passed, tearless, and with scarcely a sign of emotion through the scene. Even Mr. Hardy was moved by the sight, and wept at the visible tokens of mortality. Friends and strangers looked on in wonder, and falsely judging the wronged, bewildered, suffering daughter, assumed that she was devoid of feeling; and her husband permitted himself to draw, partially, the same conclusion.

What her real state of mind was it would be difficult to describe. To herself, it was an appalling mystery, and she felt terrified as the thought of insanity intruded itself like the countenance of a mocking fiend.

"I have not much strength left; oh, Lord, God of my father!" she prayed, in hopeless anguish at this time; yet praying from the very instinct of helplessness and danger,—"stand by me, or I faint and fall by the way. Lead, oh, lead me out of this bewildering maze. Show me the path of life."

And at this very time Mr. John Hardy stood up in spirit and said—

"I thank Thee, oh, Lord, that I am not as other men!"

The world looked on, and praising the pharisee, misjudged the unhappy publican.

Time moved on, with little change in the aspect of things. More children were born to the striving mother, and new duties laid upon her, until seven little ones gathered around her in childish innocence and beauty. She was not a proud, nor a happy, but a loving mother; sometimes a weakly loving, and wrongly indulgent mother. But all things considered, who can wonder at this? It would have been strange if it had been otherwise. Maternal love and duty now sustained her. As a wife, she had nothing to lift her up. All the twining tendrils which, in the beginning, had put forth, and with the instinct of a womanly heart laid hold of her husband's manly nature, inweaving themselves therewith, had slowly relaxed their clinging coils, letting the vine fall away and droop to the earth, from which, in its young life, it had arisen joyfully. Had there been no mother's love, she must have died.

Long ere this, every vestige of true affection had perished in the hearts of both wife and husband, who barely tolerated each other. The bond that held them together was a threefold one—love for their mutual offspring, a regard for appearances, and a sense of the binding force of their marriage vows. But for one, or all of them, they would have been driven asunder years before, with a strong repulsion.

The care of seven children fully occupied the time and thoughts of Mrs. Hardy, offering a valid reason for declining to go abroad, except at distant intervals, or on very special occasions. It was this care that sustained her. In the daily performance of duty, she found a measure of strength, and in the love of her children, at times, a precious consolation.

But, too frequently, the interference of Mr. Hardy with the rule among the children, and his opposition to her wishes in regard to them, often pursuing, as was his custom, a line of discipline totally at variance with hers, robbed her, for most of the time, of this only source of pleasure that remained to brighten, feebly, her gloomy way.

The first three children were daughters. When the oldest reached the age of fourteen, Mr. Hardy, finding it was impossible to make his wife do just as he wished in regard to her, assumed the position in his own mind, that the child would be ruined if suffered to remain at home. So he took up the question of sending her to a boarding-school, and after viewing it on all sides, determined the matter affirmatively. The first intimation received by the mother that he was even thinking of the subject, came in the announcement of his settled purpose.

It was a long time since Mr. Hardy had seen his wife so moved. The proposition disturbed her more profoundly than anything that had occurred for years.

"No, John," she said, as soon as she could compose herself enough to speak calmly—"don't think of that. Helen must not be sent away. Home is always the best and safest place for children."

"Not always," was the cold reply. "Helen will be ruined if she remains at home."

"Ruined, John! How?"

"In many ways. I can see that she is changing for the worse every day. Do you require her to get all of her lessons correctly?"

"As far as it is in my power to attend to her. But you must remember that she is not the only one I have under my care."

"Just so. And that shows the necessity of her being placed in different circumstances, where she can be better trained than it is possible for her to be at home."

"Why not get a private teacher or governess?" suggested Mrs. Hardy.

"I don't believe in private teachers," was answered dogmatically. "Never knew of one that was worth a copper. No—no. It isn't a private teacher that Helen wants; but a new set of associations; and these I have made up my mind she shall have."

Powerless in the iron grasp of her husband had Mrs. Hardy felt for years. Opposition she knew to be hopeless; and passive, silent endurance was, in this case, no protection for her child. For herself she had never asked any change in the stern, hard features of her husband's conduct. She could endure, but not cry out for mercy. Another's happiness and well being were now at stake—even the happiness and well being of her precious child; her first born, who inherited, in a high degree, her own sensitive nature. The thought of sending her out from home sent a thrill of pain to her heart.

"Let me pray you, John," she said, in tones of pleading anguish, "to refrain from this. Helen is not the child to send out from home. Do not make her wretched!"

"She is just the child that needs to be sent away," was the unyielding reply; "and it is our duty to look to her future good. A few tears will do her no harm; and they will soon dry. The grief of childhood is as the morning cloud and the early dew."

"You do not know her truly," said Mrs. Hardy. "Trust me, when I say, that it will be doing a great wrong to send her from home to school. Oh, let the thought pass from your mind; and if there is any thing in which I can meet your wishes in regard to her, it shall be done cheerfully."

"You cannot help indulging her natural weaknesses and habits of indolence, and these, unless eradicated, will destroy her as a woman. Your imbecile yielding to every whim of your children is ruining them, as I have told you again and again. But all that I said has gone for nothing; and now I take the matter into my own hands. By this time you are probably aware, that when I do this I go through with what I undertake to accomplish. Helen has got to leave home. That I wish you to regard as a settled thing!"

Mrs. Hardy's heart, which had leaped up and struggled with pain at her husband's announcement of his intention to send their oldest daughter away to school, now fell heavily and almost pulseless in her bosom. Her head drooped until her face was so hidden from her husband's eyes, that he could not see its expression; and there she sat, as her husband had seen her sit so many times, motionless as a statue—the image of despair. Not the slightest wave of pity moved over the feelings of Mr. Hardy as he looked at his wife, nor was there, in his mind, the slightest change of purpose. Whatever he saw to be right, that he set himself to do, and with an unflinching purpose. He had reasoned himself into the clear conviction, that it was best for Helen to leave home, and from home she must go, if all the world was in opposition.

It was late in the evening, and they were alone. Mr. Hardy felt very composed, very resolute, and very well satisfied with himself. He had proposed to do only a plain duty—and to use his own words—"Duty with John Hardy was law." He had turned partly away from his wife, so that the unpleasant aspect of her drooping, motionless form might not offend his eyes; and to appear indifferent to her state of feeling, had taken a newspaper in his hand and rattled it imposingly. For nearly a quarter of an hour Mr. Hardy read over the news which he had read before, and conned advertisements, in which he felt not a particle of interest, momentarily expecting his wife to move from her fixed position. But she gave no sign of life or feeling.

"Jane." He had arisen, and stood looking down upon her with a kind of lordly, imperious air. She started at his words, and fairly sprung to her feet; looking for some moments as if just awakened from a bewildering dream, and yet unable to distinguish between what was fantastic and real. Mr. Hardy had never before seen so peculiar an expression in her face; nothing so like the glare and distortion of insanity.

"Come!" said he, "it is getting late." He moved a pace or two towards the door. But his wife did not *stir* from the spot where she was standing.

"Jane! This is folly! Madness!" Mr. Hardy turned upon his wife, almost angrily.

The suffering woman struck her hand hard upon her forehead, and holding it there tightly, looked up into her husband's cruel countenance with steady, intense, fiery eyes.

A slight shudder ran along the nerves of Mr. Hardy.

"John," said she, in a voice that was deeper and hoarser than any tones he had ever heard from her lips,—"I warn you not to do this thing! I cannot part with Helen. She is my first born; my very life is bound up in her; she is the warm sunshine upon my path. Don't separate us!"

"This is all idle—all selfish weakness," replied Mr. Hardy. "I am amazed at your folly!"

"John!" There was no change in the quality of Mrs. Hardy's voice, except that it conveyed a deeper warning. "There is always a point beyond which the strongest heart cannot sustain itself. I feel that my heart is on the utmost verge of endurance. Spare me, then, my husband! Oh, spare me! Do not strike me down with this threatened blow. I shall surely sink to the earth if it falls upon me."

The tremor of weakness was in some of the tones that uttered this sentence, while some of them were harsh and unnatural.

"Jane," was the slow, steadily spoken reply, "as I just said, I am amazed at all this. You talk as if I were a persecuting tyrant, and not a thoughtful father, seeking the good of his child, and firm in his purposes of duty. Spare *me*, let me pray you!"

"Oh, John!" How very sad, almost wailing, was the voice of Mrs. Hardy. "Let me beg of you to stand still. Every step beyond the point where you now are, will be upon my heart. Your foot is very heavy, and the heel is shod with iron! Visit me with any other discipline—it matters not how severe—but spare me in this. Spare me, for my strength is not equal to the trial!"

"Jane Hardy!" There was not the slightest sign of weakness in the husband's voice. "I am not to be moved from a purpose which I know to be right, by any passionate appeals. Such things go for nothing with me—literally nothing!"

"Hard of heart, and cruel of purpose!" Another change in the mother's aspect was visible. The almost wild excitement into which this new assault upon her feelings had aroused her, died away in all of its visible manifestations, and her face took on again its almost stony expression. But there was a prophecy of coming evil in the eyes that were rivetted upon the face of the husband, which sent a sudden chill along his nerves. "God will judge between us! Again I warn you, in the sight of Heaven, not to send our child away from home! Evil will come of it; and on your head it will rest with a heavy curse."

"Let it come!" The cold, persistent character of John Hardy spoke out in these few words. Pride left no room for pity or for change. "Let it come!" he repeated, that his firmness might the more fully appear. "If I am not strong enough to bear all the evil you predict, let its weight crush me down."

"Selfish and cruel to the last!" The eyes of Mrs. Hardy never turned for an instant from her husband's face, nor lost their wierd expression. "You are a brave bold man!" What a sharp, stinging scorn came suddenly into her husky voice. "A brave, bold man," she repeated the words very emphatically, "to do battle for conquest with a weak woman and a helpless child! A safe field for immaculate knight errantry this! How proudly your trophies will be worn! All men will do honor to him who carries the shield of the broken heart!"

"Jane Hardy! Peace! Viper!" Mr. Hardy stamped his foot, and threw fiery and threatening glances upon his wife. But there was no change in her countenance or attitude.

"There will come for you, as there comes to every one, John Hardy, a day of reckoning! There is an Eye that sees into every heart—a just God who rewards and punishes. The same God who said, two thousand years ago, as He says now, and will say forever—Woe unto you scribes and pharisees, *hypocrites!*"

"Peace, I say!" The heavy stroke of Mr. Hardy's foot, jarred the room, and rattled the pendants that glittered on the candelabras.

"Peace—peace." Mrs. Hardy spoke in an undertone, as if to herself. "Long, long ago she spread her wings—long ago the rustle of her white garments was heard in departure. She will not come at your call, John Hardy!"

"Mad woman!"—was retorted angrily.

A gleam shot across the face of Mrs. Hardy, as if the light of a torch had fallen upon it suddenly. It was paler in the next instant.

"Mad woman!" repeated her husband, in blind indignation.

"Go your ways, John Hardy! Do your worst, John Hardy! Waste no pity on me. The utmost verge of endurance is at last reached, and visions of unconscious rest are floating in the distance. You have often said that you would bend me to your will, if I broke in the bending. That there must be submission on my part before there could be peace. If I had been a mere machine; if there had been no life in me, kindled from the life of God and vital with freedom, the gift of God, I might have submitted long ago, and laid myself down upon the earth, feeling no pain when trampled upon. But it was otherwise. I had an individuality—a mental and moral organization different from yours; a soul, God-owned, not husband-owned—a nature with instinctive wants, and capacities for joy or sorrow wholly independent even of its own volitions. I had no power to lay my hand upon my suffering heart, and say, peace, be still! Too blind in his selfish pride to comprehend any thing of this, was John Hardy. But let all that go with the rest. I have nothing to plead on my own behalf. The husband's heart is dead. But if there is yet a living pulse in the father's heart, let it beat with something of a father's true feeling for his child. Do not send her away from home!" Do not cloud her young life—do not make the days weary and dark that should be bright and warm with sunshine."

"Poor fool!" Yes, these were the cruel, heartless words that fell from the lips of Mr. Hardy, as he turned off in blind anger and left the apartment.

CHAPTER XV.

When Mr. Hardy awoke on the next morning, his wife had already arisen and left the chamber. At first his thoughts were confused in regard to the troubled scene of the evening previous. But in a little while, memory restored it in every minute particular. The calmness of feeling that succeeds to sleep—the morning's clearer perceptions—the subsiding of passion in the lapse of time—of all these had Mr. Hardy the advantage; and yet there was born in his heart no softer feeling for his unhappy wife—no wavering in purpose towards his child. To send the latter away from home he saw to be a plain duty; and no pity for the weakness or stubborn self-will of his long enduring wife stirred the cold surface of his heart.

On entering the family sitting-room, a little scene met his eyes that would have softened the feelings of most men, but which only gave another layer of ice to his. Mrs. Hardy sat with her youngest child on her lap, while Helen, the oldest, stood, with her arm drawn around her mother's neck, bending over and talking to the babe. Very tenderly did Helen love her mother, and very tenderly did she love the sweet young sister, who was a sunbeam in their dwelling. All her pure life seemed bound up in theirs. Towards her father, Helen had never manifested a very strong affection.—There was something about him that chilled the warm outgushings of her heart; and since she had become old enough to comprehend the meaning of certain things said and done by him to her mother, a feeling of alienation had found a lodgment in her breast. A light of gladness was on her face, as she looked up on hearing the footstep of her father, but it faded instantly. There was an expression on his countenance that caused a low chill to run through her frame.

"Good morning, father!" she said, trying to smile, and struggling at the same time to repress the feeling that came over her like a cloud over the sun; and she left her mother's side, and advanced a few steps to meet him.

"Good-morning!" was returned, almost repulsively, and the father strode past his child, and lifting the morning paper from the table on which a servant had placed it, sat down, and turned himself so much away from the other inmates of the room, that only a portion of his face could be seen.

Helen went slowly back to her mother, and drawing her arm around her neck, bent over the babe, and smiled upon it again. But even the babe felt the smile to be feebler, and gave only a feeble smile in return. The shadow of a harsh purpose had fallen upon all their spirits.

For some minutes there was a stillness in the room that oppressed. Even the younger children hushed their prattle, and the older ones looked, half in wonder, at their father.

"Helen," said Mr. Hardy, laying down the paper in which he had not read, understandingly, a single line, and turning his face to where his daughter stood with her arm clasping her mother's neck,—"Come here. I wish to speak with you."

Helen, with a timid, wondering look, came towards her father, and stood gazing upon his calm face, in which she saw the reflection of some settled purpose.

"Helen, in what I am now about to say, I wish you to believe me entirely in earnest. The matter is fully settled in my mind as a thing best to be done, and I want your entire acquiescence."

Mr. Hardy spoke slowly, distinctly, and impressively; his words falling in successive shocks upon the sensitive feelings of his child, whom he had taken entirely off her guard by this abrupt, ill timed introduction of a subject which he knew beforehand would be painful.

"I am going to send you away from home to school."

Helen started and turned very pale.

"Oh, no! Don't, father! Don't send me away to school!" she returned, instantly, the tears gushing from her eyes.

"Helen, what did I say just now?" Mr. Hardy spoke sternly.

But Helen only stood still and wept.

"Answer me!"

The father's voice was calm, but imperative.

"Oh, father, don't send me away from home! I can't leave my mother!" sobbed the child.

Now, that reason was the worst of all that could have been urged.

"You have got to leave her!" was almost angrily replied. "So make your mind up to that. You'll be ruined if you stay at home any longer!"

"Mother! oh, mother! won't you say one word for me?" exclaimed Helen, turning a distressed countenance upon her mother.

Mr. Hardy gave his wife a look that, if he had possessed the power to do so, would have turned her into stone. But it did not seal her lips, for she instantly made answer,

"It is not my will, Helen. I wish you to remain at home."

"Weak, perverse, injudicious mother!" exclaimed Mr. Hardy, in a manner more passionate than he had ever before exhibited in his family. "I am tried beyond all endurance!—Have all these years passed without your knowing me, that you now so madly throw yourself in between my purposes and their certain execution? Your blindness and folly are amazing! I have already said to you, that Helen must be sent away to school, and I want nothing on your part but accordant action. My word has gone forth, and it shall not fail!"

Helen uttered not a syllable, but went with slow steps from her father's side, and coming up to where her mother was sitting, threw her arms around her neck, and laid her face upon her bosom—the group presenting an image of despair.

And what were the thoughts of Mr. Hardy, as he looked upon this image? Did his heart soften? was there a motion of relenting? These were his thoughts:

"Was ever a man so thwarted in his purposes? Did ever a man, who wished to do right and to be right, meet, in his own house, with such unreasonable opposition, and that, too, from a wife who made her solemn vows of love and obedience? What end have I in view? Simply the good of my child; and when I seek to attain that good, I am treated as an unreasonable tyrant. Shall I submit? Shall I tamely yield? Never! John Hardy is not the man to be driven from his course by a woman!"

The ringing of the breakfast-bell came just in time to prevent the utterance of some very strong language, meditated by the incensed husband and father. The gathering at the table was a very embarrassed one. All the children, except the youngest, comprehended the meaning of what their father had said, and were in grief for their sister. The cloud which had fallen on her spirit, shadowed theirs.

Nothing more was said on the subject during the meal; indeed, there was hardly a word spoken by any one. Mr. Hardy was first to leave the table.

True to his intentions, the unyielding father spent nearly all the forenoon in making inquiries from persons likely to be well posted on the subject, in regard to various boarding-schools for young ladies. Some with whom he conversed spoke strongly against the practice of sending daughters away from home for purposes of education, giving it as their opinion that more evil than good came of it in nine cases out of ten. Their opinions being adverse to his own designs, went for nothing. The views of some others ran quite parallel with his own, and by these he was strengthened and encouraged.

Satisfied, at last, in regard to one of the schools about which inquiry had been made, he wrote to the Principal for more particular information. In three or four days he received an answer, with terms, favorable statements in regard to the Institution, and a list of prominent names for reference. The school was two hundred miles away. Several of the men referred to, occupied prominent positions in the community, but lived in distant cities, so that a personal application to them was out of the question. It did occur to Mr. Hardy that it might be well to write to one or more of them, and make some direct inquiries about the school. But any good school was, in his mind, preferable to the existing home education; and the fact that these men had permitted their names to be used in reference, was altogether conclusive that this institution was of the highest order. So Mr. Hardy wrote back that he would, in a short time, send or bring on his daughter.

"There is too much weak self-indulgence at home," he wrote, "an invalid mother, with morbidly sensitive feelings, is not calculated to give the right tone to her children's minds. She may be loving and devoted to them; but not wise in discipline. Their sensibilities may develope under such a rule, but what is gained here is more than lost in enfeeblement of character. Daily have I seen the evil effects of this state of things upon the mind of my oldest daughter, and I have now determined to remove her from influences that, if continued, will spoil her as a woman. I have a great dislike to your one-sided characters—to your men and women who are nothing, except in a single direction. The well balanced mind is the true one. Its possession belongs to the happiest and most useful class in the community. I wish you to give my daughter a good training—to depress the over-matured feelings, and to encourage the intellect and reason—to teach her to think and to endure. This weeping at a word, and starting at the hum of a beetle are all humiliating weaknesses in my eyes; and I confess to having no patience with them. It is the fact of their encouragement, rather than repression, at home, that has determined me to remove my daughter from such enervating influences. I shall therefore expect, from the very beginning, a firm course of treatment. The hot-house plant must grow stronger at the root and along the stem, that it may put out more vigorous branches; and this it can never do, while it remains in the warm, pulseless air of the sheltered conservatory. I shall, therefore, rely upon your firmness and your judgment in the case."

A week of entire silence on the subject which had so agitated the home circle, and thrown over all hearts therein the shadow of a cloud, passed, and then Mr. Hardy announced the fact that he had made arrangements to send Helen away from home; and that she must be ready in two weeks to enter the "Hope Institute for Young Ladies"—situated in a quiet village of New York.

Of what his daughter suffered then, and afterwards, in consequence of this coldly calculated and as coldly executed purpose, Mr. Hardy never knew and never could know. Hers was a nature, the right comprehension of which was wholly above the region of his perceptions. His own emotional character gave him the only standard by which to judge of others; and this was so sluggish in its original construction, and so obtuse through selfishness, that all feeling in others he regarded as a species of contemptible weakness. Abroad in the world, his love of reputation made him appear to others as mild and amiable, and possessing a warmly benevolent heart; but at home he trod ruthlessly upon all weak exhibitions of feeling.

As just said, Mr. Hardy had no adequate conception of what his gentle, loving-hearted, sensitive child, who possessed in a high degree the delicate and refined organization of her mother, suffered in her rough removal from home, and as rough transplantation in a colder, harder soil, and ungenial atmosphere. The life of Helen was so bound up in the love and life of her mother, that no separation, without the acutest suffering, could take place. She had always been shy towards strangers, and never cared to go out unless accompanied by her mother. These were defects that needed to be overcome; but in the wisest and gentlest manner. To crush them out, as was now the purpose of Mr. Hardy, was an impossible thing, without destroying the child's life; and the effort to do so involved cruelties that make the heart sad to think of. There was no way for him to accomplish the work of giving her character more strength, but by attaching her to himself, through loving acts, and then, under the shelter, or within the circle of his love, bearing her out into the world, and letting her timid nature gain confidence. If the home influences were too enervating; if they developed her character in a one-sided manner; it was for him, gently and lovingly, to bring her within the circle of other influences, and let her breathe, by degrees, a more invigorating atmosphere. But conciliation towards weaknesses of character, as he regarded them, was no part of John Hardy's home discipline. His pride would never let him bend to that. What he in his self intelligence decided to be right, that must be done; and all opposition created impatience, and made his original purposes as unbending as iron. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Won't you *take* my word, sir, when I tell you I will call and liquidate your demand on Saturday morning next?" said a delinquent debtor to a dunning creditor, with whom he had sharp words. "No, sir," replied the other, "I had rather you would *keep* your word."

☞ An Irishman, who lived in an attic, being asked what part of the house he occupied, answered: "If the house were turned topsy-turvy, I'd be livin' on the first flure."

☞ The lady whose dress was too dirty to wear and not dirty enough to be washed, had a matter of serious import to decide.

☞ Col. M———, of the cavalry, was complaining that, from the ignorance and inattention of his officers, he was obliged to do the whole duty of his regiment. "I am," said he, "my own captain, my own lieutenant, my own cornet—" "And trumpeter, I presume," said a lady present.

☞ Mr. Baker showed us an egg yesterday, which was seven inches in circumference. Can anybody beat this?—*Syracuse Republic.* Certainly; break the egg into a bowl, and beat it with a spoon.—*Lynn News.*

☞ The highest passenger fare in the world is £165 ($800), which is the sum charged by the Peninsular and Oriental company, for a passage from Southampton to Shanghai.

☞ A chap, in Albany, recently advertised an "infallible method to detect a counterfeit bank note," which he proposed to impart to all who chose to learn it for $2 each. A good many "green ones" paid the amount, in return for which they received the following instructions, which though good enough in their way, were hardly worth the money: "Whenever you take a bill about which you entertain the slightest doubt, at once proceed to the banker in whom you place the most confidence, offer him the bill, with the request that he will change it; if he declines so to do, make up your mind that the note is bad."

☞ A jockey, who was selling a nag to a gentleman, frequently observed that he was an *honest* horse. After the purchase the gentleman asked him what he meant by an honest horse? "Why, sir," replied the other, "whenever I rode him he always threatened to throw me, and he certainly never deceived me."

☞ According to Punch, Paddy Hoof, the celebrated pedestrian, but better known in the neighborhood of London as the "Arrowsmith Antelope," is still carrying on his herculean feat of walking round a lady in full dress 100 times in 100 consecutive days. He is now in his second week, and looks as fresh as when he first started.

☞ A thought often makes us hotter than a fire.

☞ How to Sweeten Solitude.—Shut a boy down in a cellar, and give him free access to the molasses barrel.

☞ A poet was once walking with M. Talleyrand in the street, and at the same time reciting some of his verses. Talleyrand perceiving at a short distance, a man yawning, pointed him out to the poet, saying, "Not so loud, he hears you."

☞ A torn jacket is soon mended; but hard words bruise the heart of a child.

☞ As turning the logs will make a dull fire burn, so change of studies a dull brain.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1857.

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TERMS, &c.

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

PROSPECTUS.

For the information of strangers who may chance to see this number of the POST, we may state that among its contributors are the following gifted writers:—

WILLIAM HOWITT, (of England,) ALICE CARY, T. S. ARTHUR, GRACE GREENWOOD, AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, MRS. M. A. DENISON, The Author of "AN EXTRA-JUDICIAL STATEMENT," The Author of "ZILLAH, THE CHILD MEDIUM," &c., &c.

We are now engaged in publishing the following novelet:—

THE WITHERED HEART.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

At the conclusion of Mr. Arthur's novelet, the following will be given as rapidly as they can be published:—

LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND.

An Original Novelet, by the Author of "My Confession," "Zillah; The Child Medium," &c.

FOUR IN HAND; OR THE BEQUEST.

Written for the Post, by GRACE GREENWOOD.

CHIP, THE CAVE CHILD;
A STORY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

An Original Novelet, written for the Post by Mrs. MARY A. DENISON, Author of "Mark, the Sexton," "Home Pictures," &c.

THE RAID OF BURGUNDY.
A TALE OF THE SWISS CANTONS.

By AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, Author of "The Last of the Wilderness," &c., &c.

In addition to the above list of contributions, we design continuing the usual amount of FOREIGN LETTERS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES, CHOICE SELECTIONS from all sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, ENGRAVINGS, View of the PRODUCE AND STOCK MARKETS, THE PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKET, BANK NOTE LIST, &c. For terms, see the head of this column.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Old Articles.—We cannot spare the time to hunt through our files, to find news and other articles which have appeared in the Post. The most we can do, is to place the files of the paper kept at our office, at the service of any one who wishes to institute such an examination.

Respectfully declined:—"George Burnet;" "Little Etta;" "The Lone Grave;" "The Hawthorn."

Many Readers. We judge that the information you wish, can be most accurately obtained by writing to the Land Office at Washington.

J. H. We know nothing of the firm you mention. Write to them again. To become a ventriloquist requires the natural capacity to imitate sounds in certain of their modulations. The best ventriloquists, however, are said to have a peculiar formation of the throat organs which enables them to produce their effects. Thus, the faculty may be considered a special gift of nature, though it can under certain conditions, be acquired by cultivation.

A Subscriber wants to know the quantity of N. S. plaster required per acre on upland pasture. Will some friend who knows, inform him?

MRS. SOUTHWORTH'S STORY.

Our readers doubtless have noticed the announcement in our Prospectus, that "We have the promise of a short and condensed Novelet by Mrs. Southworth."

We have recently received a notice from Mrs. Southworth, that she would be unable to fulfill her promise.

When, at the close of "Vivia," we informed Mrs. Southworth that a large portion of our readers were growing very dissatisfied with her productions, we agreed to take from her a "*short* and *condensed*" novelet.

We made this agreement because we did not wish too suddenly to snap all connection with an old contributor—and because we thought a reasonable number of our readers would be pleased with a story of moderate length from her pen.

But as Mrs. Southworth has declined to fulfill her promise—it only remained for us to make this statement, exonerating ourselves from any blame in the matter.

We may simply add here, that we think our readers will admit, before the year is out, that they have lost nothing in the way of interest or amusement by this withdrawal.

THE MAELSTROM.

We recently published a statement affirming that the Maelstrom, which every one, from childhood upward, has believed to have existed off the Norwegian coast, has no existence whatever. A naval commission, it seems, has sailed all over the water that washes that coast, and never at any time has found any whirlpool. Consequently the commissioners conclude that there is no Maelstrom. It is a fair conclusion, but we cannot say as much for the conclusion that has been educed from it, namely, that there never has been any Maelstrom. To this conclusion, however, certain members of the editorial fraternity, who, resolutely resolving that the world shall be disenchanted, and having virtually set up the brazen image of Gradgrind, and fallen down and worshipped that hard and matter-of-fact deity, have deliberately arrived; and the patient and long-suffering public are buttonholed and bored with homilies on popular credulity, popular error, popular delusions, and the popular disposition to swallow all kinds of monstrosities, geographical, topographical, historical, theological, and all the rest;—the nucleus and example of all these delightful sermons and sermonoids being the long-established popular belief in a Maelstrom which has turned out to be nowhere.

Now, the Maelstrom is an institution and an old friend. In the geographies that cheered our childhood and informed our youth, there was a fine, inspiring print of the great whirlpool, easily drawing down a tottering seventy-four gun ship, and a huge polar whale, at once. It was a severe trial to our maturer years when the reluctant reason was forced to abandon the belief in the actual occurrence of the frigate part of this stupendous feat attributed by a generous geographer to this interesting and attractive marine ogre. It was a severer trial to be brought to the conviction, in this present year of grace, that our whilome devouring friend had closed his capacious maw, and forever ceased to draw into his now satiated interior the aliment for which he had roared to the rock of Lofoden, night and day, for centuries. But now to be told that that maw had never been open—in a word, that there never was a Maelstrom—is simply adding present insult to past injury. It is bad enough to have the world disenchanted of its wonders, one by one, but it is worse to be requested to believe that the wonders never had any existence. Besides, is too much for our credulity.

Banter aside, however, the evidence relative to the past existence of the Maelstrom is as good as evidence can be. Jonas Ramus, a man of good repute, wrote minutely of it from actual knowledge, in the last century. He affirms that it had often drawn down boats, and yachts which had chanced to come within its current; and the picture we have men[tion] of the seventy-four gun ship was probably an exaggeration of this fact. He tells us bear being sucked into the vortex, to destruction, while swimming over to Island on a sheep-stealing expedition, that the howling of the beast was so loud, be distinctly heard on shore. He gives matter of history, that once in 1645, unusual convulsion of the Strom[boli]sion of the roaring waters was so great shake down houses on the adjacent Moskoe. Since Ramus wrote, other[s] scribed the whirlpool. It has been sounded, depth has been ascertained to [be] twenty fathoms, its bottom found to be [of] white sand, its conformation and [size] arrived at, and minutely described. The evidence that it no longer exists is as [good] better than the evidence that it once existed. We presume every one knows that there are extinct volcanoes. We also presume that everybody will allow that there was a time when they were not extinct; and we imagine that were the fiery core of Vesuvius grown cold, [he] would not be considered a very profound thinker or a good logician, who should argue that because there was only hard slag and stones in the crater, the latter had never seethed with molten lava and flame.

The condition of nature is mutation, ought never to be forgotten. Our world is, it were, fluid, and is continually passing new forms. Tennyson has beautifully [put] this truth:

> "There rolls the deep where grew [the tree.]
> Oh, earth, what changes hast thou [seen!]
> There, where the long street roars [hath been]
> The stillness of the central sea.
>
> "The hills are shadows, and they flow
> From form to form, and nothing stands;
> They melt like mists, the solid lands—
> Like clouds they shape themselves and go."

Nothing is more scientifically true than [that.] The duration of all objects is temporary. It is an actual fact that what is [solid] in one miller may be water in the next. We have our own coasts change their form materially in the last fifty years. Nature is forever passing from her old shapes into new. Conflict between certain reports of [facts] or objects, with the lapse of a few [years] between them, might often be explained by remembering that all forms and aspects of history, and constantly engaged in variously metamorphosis. Things are like the chameleon in the fable; the first comer sees it [is] the next green, the next white; each after [has a] view, and calls the other a liar; but "both are right and all are wrong," and the dispute is referable to the different aspects it wears at different epochs of observation. A thousand years hence when change has slowly levelled, convulsion destroyed, Niagara, perhaps [the] sapient sceptic will be found jeering at the believers in the past existence of the great cataract, solely because the cataract will then be non-existent. Yet for aught we know to the contrary, the place where Niagara now pours its thunderous foam may a thousand or two thousand years ago have been a level plain. Pliny has recorded how the philosopher Solon told during his travels in Egypt by one of the learned men of that land that "there was formerly an island at the entrance of the (Atlantic) ocean, where the pillars of Hercules stand, (the pillars of Hercules was the old name for the heights on either side of the Straits of Gibraltar.) This island was larger than all Lybia and Asia; from it was an easy passage to other islands, and from these islands to the continent which was opposite and next the true sea, yet within the mouth was a gulf but a narrow entry. In after times there happened a dreadful earthquake and inundation of a day and which continued for the space of a whole day and night, and this island, Atlantis, was covered and overwhelmed by the waves and disappeared beneath the ocean, and so disappeared. Strange as this may seem, it is not impossible. It is only an illustration of what Tennyson has said, "There rolls the deep where grew the tree." The Power that made Atlantis can in a night or in an instant, bury it forever. Its fate was no more strange than the burial of Herculaneum and Pompeii was. Continents and cities can thus vanish, and their tradition behind, is it singular that we should come upon smooth water where once was the lurid fury of the roaring Strom, and find that the great whirlpool is no more.

Connection.—We are informed by a correspondent, that a statement copied into our columns from the Manchester (N. H.) Mirror, to the effect that Mr. Abraham, of Weare, N. H., had sold 25,000 pounds of Spanish wool to parties in Boston, at 80 cts. a pound, is erroneous, no such sale having been effected. Of course we know nothing of the matter one way or the other.

Shun delays; they breed remorse;
Take thy time, while time is lent thee;
Creeping snails have weakest force;
Fly their fault, lest thou repent thee;
Good is best when soonest wrought,
Lingering labors come to nought.
—*Southwell.*

☞ "Talk about apparitions!" exclaimed Teufelsdrokh. "It is we who are the apparitions. We make our appearance [we] know not whence; we flit to and fro [in] certain spots for a given time, [till] cockcrow, at the summons of [which] we vanish."

SHAKSPEARE.

Miss Delia Bacon, we notice, has in press her ook, which is expected to give to the world er reasons for supposing that William Shaks. eare was not the author of Shakspeare's Plays. Her theory, so far as we know anything about , is that the plays were the compositions of ord Bacon, Sir Walter Raleigh, and, we be. eve, other wits of the time, whose motive for oncealing their authorship, Miss Bacon will, erhaps, be able to divulge in her forthcoming olume. The evidence by which she supports er hypothesis, we understand to be not entirely egative or circumstantial. We are told that he professes to have discovered that the epi. aph on Shakspeare's tombstone, the bald and ommon-place character of which has excited he wonder of commentators, and been a con. tant theme for conjecture and dissertation in iterary circles for many years, is a cryptograph -In other words, a writing in which the letters, being transposed on certain fixed princi. es, constitute a sentence which renders visi. le a concealed meaning. The epitaph, it will remembered, reads as follows—we give it hout the old spelling:

"Good friend, for Jesu's sake forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here.
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones."

Transposing, on certain arbitrary princi. les the letters of the above rude stanza, Miss . . so we are informed—gets at a sentence, eport of which is an instruction to the . dig in Shakspeare's grave and discover secret, which she assumes to be, we . e clue to the real authorship of the . We are further informed that it was for se of obtaining from the regular au. permission to exhume the remains of d poet, and prove the import of the . gh, that Miss Bacon made a recent oyage to England, though without avail, as er req. was not granted. Our informant . . us that she finds certain of the lays to . identical in thought and expression ith con. other works of the epoch at which hey were . ten, thus referring their origin to ther minds. Hamlet, for instance, is said to e found, in all its essential thoughts, images, . timents, etc., in certain writings of Lord acon. Other evidence, similar in kind, is ad. uced, in support of the startling proposition hich Miss Bacon has advanced, all of which e shall know when the book comes from the . ess to the public.

Of course we say nothing at present for or gainst this remarkable theory, which threatens disturb so many of our associations and pet otions. Our primary and only object in men. oning it was to say that it might borrow con. rmation from a bust of the "divine Wil. m," . Jonsard, the French academician, . nicknamed him, which is now on exhi. . window on Chestnut street in this y. It is a copy of the bust which adorns his omb at Stratford-on-Avon, and which we have . en given to understand by the Shakspearean . ities and ferrets, is a good likeness of him . in his habit as he lived." If it is—we don't now whether it is, or not—but if it is, it is ore than possible that Miss Delia Bacon is ght. The man that looked like the bust never rote Hamlet or Lear. Such a chuckleheaded, bloaty, burly, bloated and beef eating speci. . manity as the bust represents, never . ole of doing anything but stuffing and . during the intervals of a stage-man. . ess. The face has not a trace of . . entirely devoid of elevation, or . . is indeed nearly vacant of ex. . It is the face of a puffy moon calf. d face, to be sure, but a commonplace, . . simple, fat face, such as one would . ciate with fuss and short breath. The brow . s ordinary, though the baldness of the might convey an impression of some in. tuality to a superficial or careless observer; yes are bulgy; the nose is insignificant, . ky and small; the mouth is loose, flaccid, full tongue, puffed, unexpressionless, a more ght and silly cleft in the face, and its stolid . dity is heightened by a funny, fantastic, . pcurled moustache on the upper lip, and . all peaked beard on the fat chin; the . ks are blobber; the neck is short, smooth, d, fat and comfortable; and the general . t is that of a good, easy, respectable sim. . on. Between this bust and the ordinary en. . ings we have of Shakspeare, there is only a . e resemblance. The "sweet swan" of . on that we are all so fond of, looks here as he was merely a sweet goose. Evidently . ough, the English artists and engravers who . aw and paint the various phases of that wise, . oble, tranquil, intellectual countenance of . hakspeare with which we are constantly pre. . nted, are afraid of the bust at Stratford, which, . course, they have all seen. At Mr. Earle's . llery here, for instance, we have a picture by . ed of "Shakspeare and his friends." The . fference between the countenance Faed has . ven the poet, and that of the bust, is ludi. . ous. The one is of the earth earthy, the . er is that of the intellectual demigod.

We might say of Faed's picture, by-the-way, t it is about as far the other way from the . obability, . d from our conceptions of the . eat poet, as the bust is. While the latter is of . e earth earthy, the former is of the bandbox . dboxy. Shakspeare, if the traditions of . are true, could never have looked so clean, . prim, precise, and elegant a gentleman . figure that sits so affectedly in the centre . ed's picture. Looking at that figure, we . ot reconcile it with the traditionary boon. . mpanion of Green and Burbage, Marlowe and . on Jonson, no more than we can reconcile the . ant antique chamber Faed has given us . h the low browed, dingy, smoky, comfort. . e room at the Mermaid tavern where we . ak of the players at their wit-combats and . inking bouts. The picture is painted with . ent, and has fine points, but is false in con. . ption and . ecution, and offends all histori. . probabilities and evidence. Take a single . int for . . ple. Among the figures, all of . hom are . ing with profound respect and . rnest . . ce to an opinion the poet has . advanced, . are the learned Selden and the . . Bacon, neither of whom have even man. . and Shakspeare in any part of their writings. . hey had thought as highly of him as the . ter has implied, they would hardly have . ted him in their various notices of their . emporaries. Great men remember, in writ. . g of the notable persons of their time, the . mes of those whom they esteem great, and . whom they are intimate; and the fact that her Bacon nor Selden have so mentioned . hspeare is sufficient proof that they neither . nor recognized his greatness, or kept with him, and is therefore a sufficient reason for Faed omitting them in his conception of such a picture. The work is part of the absurd exaggeration and sentimentality which characterize our modern apotheosis of the great poet.

New Publications.

The Drama of Kabyk. By Jerome Kidder. Adolphus Ranney, New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philada.

Mr. Jerome Kidder having been badly bitten by Milton's "Paradise Lost," Bailey's "Festus," the works of Pop Emmons, and the Total Abstinence societies, has in his madness produced this book of very blank verse, the style and form of which have been dictated by Mr. Kidder's apprehension of the above mentioned compositions, and the aim of which seems to be to show that the use of spirituous drink is the cause of all the social evils that are and have been from the foundation of the world. In aid of this high argument, Mr. Kidder introduces a rather comprehensive range of characters and personages, among whom we have the Saviour, Uriel, Ithuriel and other holy angels—Lucifer, Beelzebub, Diabolus, Mammon, Typhon, Bacchо, Adam, Eve, Cain, Abel, Shem, Ham, Japheth, King Herod, Christopher Columbus, Mrs. Stowe's Legree, Uncle Tom, Quimbo, St. Clare, and Cassy—Iago, Cassio, Rumblossom, Stokes, a flat-boatman, and a promiscuous crowd of "northern gentlemen," "southern gentlemen," Whiskey Inspectors, Land Pirates, soldiers, sailors, citizens, landlords, "insurrectionists," distillers, and so on. According to Mr. Kidder, the fruit whereof Adam and Eve ate in the Garden of Eden produced intoxication, hence that fall which "brought sin and death into the world." He makes Cain "take a drink" before killing Abel, thus showing that the first murder was committed under the influence of ardent spirits. Having intimated that the Deluge was a great cold-water movement, designed by the Creator as a remedial measure relative to man's depraved appetite for liquor, Mr. Kidder proceeds to exhibit its failure in the case of Noah, by whose well-known excess all manner of evils, says Mr. Kidder, came upon earth again. Then we have Herod and his officers massacreing the Innocents under the influence of alcoholic drink—"good vile liquor" Mr. Kidder calls it, coining what we should call a bad-vile phrase. Afterwards our author shows us Lucifer attempting the temptation of Christ in the wilderness, the principal feature of which Mr. Kidder makes the fiend's effort to get the Saviour intoxicated. A scene on Calvary is introduced, in which the sponge of vinegar offered to the Saviour is elaborately shown in a note, to be a sponge of *wine*—hence, His refusal of it is construed as a special and significant virtue! These and similar lessons and explanations, Mr. Kidder pours in a stream of dull declamation along 298 pages, to which he adds 52 pages of erudite annotation. Everywhere he shows drink "the cause of hell's enlarged prosperity." Coming down to later ages, he gives us whiskey-rebellion scenes in Pennsylvania, and goes on to show that pirates, stabbers, insurgents, and other sinners are all merely rum blossoms on the tree of life. The conclusion to which Mr. Kidder tends is that nothing prevents the advent of the Good Time Coming but the appetite for strong drink. The book is too stupid to be very amusing. Of course, we need not say that its stupendous stupidity is only equalled by its stupendous silliness. Considered as a literary effort, it has not the slightest merit. Next to the wonder that any man not absolutely crazy could have written such a work, is the wonder that any other man could have been found to publish it.

Jaufry the Knight and the Fair Brunissende.—A Tale of the Times of King Arthur. Translated from the French by Alfred Elwes. Wiley & Halstead, New York. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

This is one of those feudal romances that provoked the satire of Cervantes in *Don Quixote*, in which work he has travestied several of its incidents. It is interesting as a fair specimen of the class of fanciful and monstrous tales which amused the bastard chivalry and the flaunting courts of the Middle Ages. Being a tale of knight errantry, it is, of course, full of combat and adventure, dwarfs, lepers, black knights, demon chevaliers, magic yeomen, hags, giants, enchanted castles, and other wonders. The French translator's preface states that it was originally written in the Provencal tongue in the twelfth century, and in octo-syllabic verse. Its poetical form should have been preserved in the translation:—at any rate it should have been rendered into plain prose. The present version is tiresome and repellant from the fact of its being in such a diction as this:—

"Arrived as we already said, before her orchard fair, Jaufry got down; and seeing an open gate, he ventured in, removed the bridle from his charger's mouth so that he grazed at ease, and his shield placing 'neath his weary head, his limbs outstretching on the flowery turf, he soon most soundly slept. Just then did Brunissende her footsteps take towards her chamber, followed by her maids," etc.

This is neither prose nor blank verse. Rendered into simple language, "Jaufry the Knight," would be a capital fairy story for children. It has considerable beauty, and is full of marvels. The present edition is finely printed—and some of the pictures that illustrate it, have a very wierd and suggestive effect.

Canterbury Tales. By Sophia Lee. Mason Brothers, New York. For sale by E. H. Butler, Philada.

This volume contains Miss Sophia Lee's contribution to the collection of stories, known by the above title, and commonly connected with the name of Harriet Lee, the author of the powerful tale of "Kreutzner." Neither of the two sisters are very well known in this generation, though their names were familiar in the days of Burke and Johnson, Siddons and Kemble. The stories of Sophia can hardly be considered equal to those of her sister Harriet, and they fall far below the works of Miss Bronte, Mrs. Gaskill, Mrs. Oliphant, and other female authors of our own day. Yet they have much fertility of conception, and power of execution, and pathos, humor, and gracefulness of diction are not wanting.

Noble Deeds of the Great and Brave of all Nations. Selected as Examples for the Emulation of Youth. Published and for sale by J. W. Moore, Phila.

School Amusements; Or, How to Make the School Interesting. By N. W. Taylor Root. A. L. Barnes & Co., New York. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

Miss Leslie's New Cookery Book. (T. B. Peterson & Co., Phila.)

Twenty Years After. A Sequel to "The Three Guardsmen." By Alexandre Dumas. Published and for sale by T. B. Peterson, Phila.

"Twenty Years After" is the second of the five celebrated Guardsmen novels, and is, we think, the finest of all these fine romances. A great number of new characters appear on the scene, around our old friends D'Artagnan, Athos, Porthos, and Aramis, now grown twenty years older, and playing their heroic parts in the times of Cardinal Mazarin. Nothing could be more electrically entertaining and stirring than some of the scenes in this work, particularly those immediately preceding and following the execution of Charles the First, in England. It is, however, to be regretted that Dumas has taken the royalist side in his view of that event—thus doing an historic injustice to the Puritans, and lending a false halo to the figure of Charles, who, as Junius justly observed, "lived and died a hypocrite," and who richly deserved the scaffold if ever any one deserved it.

Tales and Sketches. Translated from the French of Emile Souvestre. Dix, Edwards & Co., New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philada.

A sketch of the life of Emile Souvestre, one of the truest and purest of French writers, now dead, precedes these beautiful pictures of the life of Brittany and La Vendee. They are characterized by great narrative and descriptive power, an absorbing dramatic interest, tenderness and purity of tone, and good moral purpose. The simple, manly, loyal, and pious character of the men and women of that part of France, was eminently seen in Souvestre, himself a native of Brittany, and is equally visible in his writings.

SENSIBLE AND AMUSING.

Editors are in the constant receipt of all kinds of letters—but one of the most sensible and amusing ones we have had lately, is the following:—

Delphos, Allen Co., O., March 28, 1857.

Messrs. Deacon & Peterson: Gents:—I herewith enclose to you twenty-three dollars, which I have collected to-day on subscriptions for the Saturday Evening Post, from the persons whose names you will find on the next page. Judging them by this act, you will of course agree with me that they are men of good taste and discrimination. Send them the Post from the day that the time of our present club expires, that those who are taking it now may receive it without interruption.

I believe the most satisfactory manner of acknowledging the merits of a good paper and of complimenting the publisher, is to send him an increased list of subscribers, accompanied by a proper amount of cash. If all your friends come to the same conclusion, and do accordingly, you will never have any cause to regret it.

I presume all I have said thus far will meet with your approval; but there is yet another matter on which I claim the privilege to say a few words. Having done such a vast deal to extend the circulation of the Post, at the enormous price of one dollar a year, with only the promise of an extra copy for getting up the club, you must, of course, if you have any *pheelinks*, consider yourself under lasting obligations to me, and allow me to give you any advice I choose in regard to the proper manner of conducting the Saturday Evening Post in future. Don't get angry when I speak of giving you advice. I believe I have as good a right to give it as any one of the readers of your paper who has invested his *one* dollar in it. Besides this, I give it gratis, and will be very much disappointed if you do not follow it. In the first place, admit no article in the columns of the Post except such as you please, and lastly, publish as good a paper as you have done heretofore.

With the strongest faith that you will be able to manage your own business, if dishonest Postmasters do not rob you of your remittances,

I remain, yours, respectfully,
H. P. WAGNER, M. D.

☞ Voltaire was of opinion that coffee cleared the brain and stimulated the wit.

☞ Never consider that vanity an offence which limits itself to wishing for the praise of good men for good actions; next to our own esteem, it is a virtue to desire the esteem of others.

☞ "Words," said Bacon, "as a Tartar's bow, do shoot back upon the understanding."

☞ The eyes of the multitude are not strong enough to look upon truth, and, generally, where they blink most there is most truth.

☞ To prevent a kitchen door from creaking, get a servant girl whose beau comes to the house to see her.

If you would have the nuptial union last,
Let virtue be the bond that ties it fast.

☞ Becky Birchbud thinks it provoking for a woman who has been working all day mending her husband's old coat, to find a love letter from another woman in the pocket.—*Ex.*

Perfect nonsense. There is not a woman under heaven but would find the letter before she began to mend the coat—then it wouldn't be mended at all.—*Boston Post.*

☞ A thief went into the hall of a boarding house, in Barclay Street, New York, a night or two since, while the boarders were at supper, and gathered up all the hats on the table. He was making his way out with the booty, when a boarder, a little behind time, came in, and asked him what he was about. "Oh," says the thief, "I'm taking the gentlemen's hats round to Leary's to get smoothed." "Well," replied the boarder, "take my hat, too." "Certainly, sir," said the accommodating loafer, and vanished.

☞ At the Criminal Court, in Albany, a few days since, a learned gentleman, dissatisfied at his success with an Irish witness, complained to the Court. Paddy exclaimed, "I'm no lawyer, yer honor, and he wants to puzzle me." *Counsel:* "Come, now, do you swear you are no lawyer?" *Witness:* "Faith, an' I do; and you may swear that same about yourself, without fear of being liable for perjury."

☞ Woman is like ivy: the more you are ruined, the closer she clings to you. A vile old bachelor adds: "Ivy is like woman, the closer it clings to you, the more you are ruined." Poor rule that won't work both ways. Knock down that old bachelor!

☞ History, says Carlyle, is the essence of innumerable biographies.

☞ A farmer told his man, who was thoroughly Irish, to run into the pasture and catch an ox. "I mean the *off one*; I will manage the other myself," he said. Pat ran to do as he was bidden, but suddenly paused, with the exclamation—"He is a reasonable man any how. Bedad and how am I to know which is the orphan!"

Paris Letter.

A Spirit at the Tuileries—The Empress Alarmed—A Visit to Mettray—An Excellent Reformatory School for the Young.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

Paris, March 12, 1857.

The exercise of table-turning, though by no means so much in vogue here as it was a couple of years ago, has not gone entirely out of fashion; and the arrival of a Mr. Hume, who is said to be extensively known in your country, as a "medium" of great power, has just given a new impulse to the interest of those who are curious in such matters. Mr. Hume, a Scotchman by birth, but who has long resided in America, has been displaying his gifts and graces, natural or acquired, in London; where he succeeded in making a few friends and a good many enemies. Here he has been received at the houses of a number of people of rank and distinction; and marvellous tales are told of the "uncanny" things he has brought to pass at their houses. The Emperor also, who is greatly interested in the mysteries of table-turning, and who often spends an hour or two in this way with the Empress, lately sent for Mr. Hume to the Tuileries. After conversing with him for a short time, the Emperor asked him what phenomena he could produce for him? Mr. Hume replied that he would make visible, any spirit whom his Majesty would like to see. To this obliging proposition the Emperor replied that he was not anxious to *see* anything; alleging as his reason for this indifference, the impossibility of being sure that any vision he might seem to see was not the result of some optical illusion. "I should greatly prefer your causing me to *feel* something," he continued, "let me *feel*, for instance, my arm taken hold of by a spirit hand, and I shall have much more confidence in the reality of the manifestation." "The thing is perfectly easy, sire," replied Mr. Hume; "I will cause your Majesty's arm to be taken hold of by a spirit-hand, and your Majesty will see this hand as well as feel it. But before proceeding to this experiment, I will, if the Empress permits, cause the handkerchief she holds in her hand to be lifted to her head, and formed into a head-dress by invisible hands." The Empress having given the desired permission, it is affirmed that the handkerchief was lifted from her lap, placed on her head, and twisted, in ornamental fashion into her hair; and that her Majesty, having risen to look at this new kind of head dress in a mirror, declared it to be very gracefully and artistically done.

Mr. Home then directed his attention to the Emperor, requesting him to stretch out his arm; and no sooner had he done so, than a gigantic hand was seen by all present to clasp the Imperial arm, giving it such a tremendous grip that its owner cried out loudly with pain. The Empress turned white with terror, and shrinking back from the apparition, screamed to those about her, "Take away this man, directly; turn him out; send him away!" and the scene wound up in a most agitated and tumultuous manner.

You will of course understand that I by no means pretend to guarantee the truth of this story; I merely give it as it is being told from one end of Paris to the other.

Several projects are just now on foot with regard to the opening of new prisons in various parts of the country, and the introduction of new arrangements into some of those already existing. It is most devoutly to be wished, however, that people would lay to heart, in practical earnest, the shrewd old saying that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." We should then have a great increase in schools, places of healthful public recreation, and similar undertakings, and a proportional decrease in "prison accommodation."

Of one most admirable institution, based on the self-evident maxim quoted above, your readers have probably heard already, and will not be uninterested in the account of it which I have gathered from one who has lately been visiting the place I allude to, viz., the Reformatory School, or *Colony*, as it is called here, of Mettray; where young boys, sentenced to short terms of imprisonment for various offences, are sent with a view to their reformation and conversion into intelligent and upright members of society. A double good is thus secured; boys already entering on the paths of vice are saved from the debasing contact of the prison, and the education and training which the poverty, incapacity, or depravity of their parents had prevented their receiving in their earlier years, are at length supplied by the generous care now brought to bear upon them.

The Colony of Mettray is situated in the midst of the smiling fields of Touraine, and looks like anything rather than an abode of vice or of misery. Neither walls, nor jailors are to seen. Several acres of highly-cultivated land, orchards, paddocks, and gardens, full of smooth turf, flower beds, fruit, and vegetables; the tasteful cottage inhabited by the Director, ten other cottages forming so many separate households, each under the care of a chief; an elegant little chapel with lofty spire, and a three-masted ship, with full rigging, &c., the hull of which is sunk securely in the ground;—such are the objects that strike the eye of the visitor on reaching this reformatory settlement.

Each of the ten cottages is ornamented with a slab of stone, inserted into the wall above the door, and bearing the name of the city, or the individual, by whose contribution it has been built. Each is occupied by a distinct group of children, forty in number, placed under a superintendent known as a "Family Chief," and thus constitutes a separate family. Each is about twenty-five feet in width by fifty feet in depth. The ground floor is occupied as a workshop; the first and second floors form each one large room, serving alternately as dormitory, refectory, and school-room to twenty children. A system of forms and shelves, most ingeniously contrived, and drawn out from the walls, or folded back again as needed, furnish the seats and tables required in the last two cases; and hammocks, slung up to the wall by day, and turned down at night, in like manner furnish the beds for the inmates. A strip of space taken off from the length of the room, and enclosed by a lattice, which allows the occupant to see all that goes on in the room, without being himself seen, is partitioned off as the sleeping-apartment of the Chief to whose oversight the room is committed. The hammocks are so placed that the heads and feet of the children succeed alternately, thus obviating the risk of gossipping between their occupants.

Work being the law of the establishment, and each child being taught a trade that may enable him to earn an honest living on leaving the colony, there are workshops where the trades of cabinet-maker, locksmith, tinman, shoemaker, rope and sail maker, blacksmith, and tailor are carried on, and others where various kinds of machinery are fabricated. These workshops give employment, and practical instruction of the most valuable kind, to about two hundred children. About fifty children are employed in the agricultural department, and the gardens, where a few of the most intelligent are taught to prune and graft fruit-trees, and to raise choice flowers. About thirty of the youngest and least robust are employed in the kitchen, bake-house, dairy, wash-house and stables. The ship, presented to the Colony by the Minister of the Marine, and fitted up in the most complete and admirable manner, serves for the instruction of those of the pupils destined to a seafaring life.

The great extension given, of late years, to the work of reforming young criminals, has led to the establishment of several branch-colonies in the neighborhood of Mettray. In these the system pursued is the same as in the parent-colony.

At Mettray are employed eight excellent women, Sisters of Charity, and well deserving their name, who superintend the domestic arrangements and the infirmary, and look after the physical well-being of the little community.

A sort of military discipline has been introduced here, and with the most excellent effect. Every group has its banner, and marches together, with a quick-step, executed with the utmost precision, and to the sound of the trumpet, to the various avocations and movements of the day. The muster of all hands in the morning and evening, the assembling to meals and classes, the gatherings in the various workshops and in the chapel, are all performed with music and flying banners, accompanied by the inspiriting yet regulating accessories of the drill.

The children, whose age varies from five or six to fifteen years and upwards, wear a very simple uniform, consisting of a straw hat, a cotton blouse, trowsers of stout grey linen, and wooden shoes; on Sundays and holidays they wear a blouse of worsted stuff, a cap of dark blue cloth, and leather shoes. The officers already mentioned as Chiefs of Families, are all persons of gentlemanly acquirement and appearance; they wear a tunic of light blue cloth, with black velvet collar, gray linen trowsers, and a broad brimmed wide-awake.

On Sunday mornings the whole establishment assembles in the chapel, where mass is celebrated by the resident Almoner. The band under the guidance of the music-master, executes various pieces of sacred music in very good style. When mass is over, the children, about 600 in number, march in military order to the Grand Hall, where they are ranged in groups, and await the distribution of rewards or punishments for the past week, accompanied by their respective chiefs. This hall is ornamented with a statue of Christ, and the words "It is not my father's will that one of these little ones should perish." It also contains portraits of the founders and principal benefactors of Mettray; and photographs of several of the colonists who have turned out remarkably well as soldiers, sailors, &c. One of these is accompanied by a letter, in which the writer says, "I send the first 100 francs received with my cross (of the Legion of Honor) as an offering to the colony, my mother."

A more striking scene can scarcely be imagined than this gathering of young creatures, hale, hearty, and happy, well-fed and well-clothed, and promising to become useful and excellent members of society, though so short a time ago wandering the streets in dirt, rags, and vicious idleness, and condemned to the degrading influences of the jail for their precocious deeds in the paths of crime.

M. Demetry now addresses the children, summing up the labors and incidents of the week. Those who have been idle, or have committed any slight breach of morality, honor, or the rules of the place, are expostulated with in terms more or less severe according to the offence; the reason of the rule they have infringed is carefully explained, and the wrong doing analysed so as to convince the boys that their own good is the end, and the sole end in view, and their conscience and honor appealed to by the Director, in a straightforward, common-sense, and kindly manner, which goes evidently to the hearts of his listeners. Those who have most distinguished themselves by zeal, discipline, or skill, are next mentioned, receiving kindly words of praise, and little gifts such as a knife, top, a book, &c., which, though of small cost, are excessively prized by the children. I should mention that those who have been reported for blame are called out, one by one, from their group, and come forward, with shame and horror on their faces, to the foot of the platform, where they are addressed individually by the Director. The group to which each little backslider belongs, is, to a certain extent, regarded as sharing in the disgrace he has brought on himself; and, for the rest of the week, is deprived of the honor of unfurling its flag.

In like manner, the boys marked for reward, are also sent forward, and the groups to which they belong display a Flag of Honor, and take the lead of the other groups during the rest of the week. The children are thus led to feel that the effects of their conduct are *social* as well as *individual*; and this feeling, when once developed, is found to act with great power on their minds.

Serious offences against morality or discipline are very rare. But, when they occur, they are punished with very great severity, as leniency in such a case would tend to subvert the entire aim of the institution. Corporeal punishment is never resorted to; solitary confinement being the sole method made use of. The boys dread this punishment far more than anything else; and as every offence is analysed, and its punishment announced, in presence of the entire establishment, the infliction is felt with proportional keenness both by the culprit and by his mates. One of the severest cases of punishment on the records of Mettray, is the case of a stout young rogue who broke the rules wilfully, defied the Director, and urged his comrades to follow his example. Conduct so subversive of discipline it was felt to be necessary to suppress with unusual severity; and accordingly the offender was kept in solitary confinement for seven months. No pains were spared to bring him to a due sense of the mischief of his course both to himself and to the colony; but, despite his repentance and promises, the most rigorous sequestration was persevered in. The little fellow's regret and self-condemnation, and also the entreaty of a visitor who was much touched by the boy's contrition, and his intense yearning for release, procured his release after he had passed seven months alone, though the sentence originally pronounced had not expired. The ceremony of his reintegration in his group was "improved" in such a way as to deepen the impression produced by his long seclusion both on his own mind, and on that of his companions; and the boy's joy and gratitude when all was over, and he found himself again at liberty among his mates, is described as having been really a touching spectacle. One is glad to know that the severity of the punishment has not been unproductive of good, and that the child in question is now one of the most promising of the colonists.

Whenever letters are received from former inmates they are read aloud, after chapel, to the assembled community. The boys take the deepest interest in hearing of the good fortune which has followed the good conduct of their predecessors; and when it is known that any of the latter have received any special honor, as the Cross of the Legion of Honor, the Military Medal, or rewards for civil courage and devotion, great joy is caused by the announcement.

Sometimes "old boys" come back in the shape of soldiers, sailors, tradesmen, mechanics, &c., to spend a day at the colony where they were once received as criminal outcasts, and whence they have gone back into the world as respectable and useful members of society. These visitors are eagerly welcomed by the children, who are never weary of questioning them about their history and doings.

On another occasion I may again recur to this interesting colony; for the present, the length of my letter precludes my entering into any further details. QUANTUM.

HOW A MINISTER FOUGHT THE BRITISH.

In the recent work entitled "Annals of the American Pulpit," we have the following story of Rev. Naphtali Daggett, of New Haven, Connecticut, who was also a Yale College Professor, in revolutionary times:—

"On the evening of the 4th of July, 1779, a force of twenty five hundred men, which had previously sailed from New York, landed in the south part of West Haven, Connecticut, a parish of New Haven about five miles from the centre of the town. College, was of course, broken up, and the students, with many of the inhabitants, prepared to flee, on the morrow, into the neighboring country. To give more time for preparation, and especially for the removal of goods, a volunteer company of about a hundred students was formed, not with the expectation of making any serious stand against such a force, but simply of retarding or diverting its march. In common with others of the students, I was one of the number; and I well remember the surprise we felt, the next morning, July 5th, as we were marching over West Bridge toward the enemy, to see Dr. Daggett riding furiously by us on his old black mare, with his long fowling-piece in his hand, ready for action. We knew the old gentleman had studied the matter thoroughly, and satisfied his own mind as to the right and propriety of fighting it out; but we were not prepared to see him come forth in so gallant a style to carry his principles into practice. Giving him a hearty cheer as he passed, we turned down towards West Haven, at the foot of the Milford Hills, while he ascended a little to the west and took his station in a copse of wood, where he seemed to be reconnoitering the enemy, like one who was determined to 'bide his time.' As we passed on towards the south, we met an advanced guard of the British, and, taking our stand at a line of fence, we fired upon them several times, and then chased them the length of three or four fields, as they retreated, until we suddenly found ourselves involved with the main body, and in danger of being surrounded. It was now our turn to run, and we did, for our lives. Passing by Dr. Daggett in his station on the hill, we retreated rapidly across West Bridge, which was instantly taken down by persons who stood ready for the purpose, to prevent the enemy from entering the town by that road. In the meantime, Dr. Daggett, as we heard the story afterwards, stood his ground manfully, while the British columns advanced along the foot of the hill, determined to have the battle to himself, as we had left him in the lurch, and using his fowling-piece, now and then, to excellent effect, as occasion offered, under cover of the bushes. But this could not last long. A detachment was sent up the hillside to look into the matter; and the commanding officer coming suddenly, to his great surprise, on a single individual in a black coat blazing away in this style, cried out, 'What are you doing there, you old fool, firing on his Majesty's troops?' '*Exercising the rights of war*,' says the old gentleman. The very audacity of the reply, and the mixture of drollery it contained, seemed to amuse the officer. 'If I let you go this time, you rascal,' says he, 'will you fire again on the troops of his Majesty?' '*Nothing more likely*,' said the old gentleman, in his dry way. This was too much for flesh and blood to bear, and it is a wonder they did not put a bullet through him on the spot. However, they dragged him down to the head of the column; and, as they were necessitated, by the destruction of West Bridge, to turn their course two miles further north, to the next bridge above, they placed him at their head and compelled him to lead the way. I had gone into the meadows, in the meantime, on the opposite side of the river, half a mile distant, and kept pace with the march as they advanced toward the north. It was, I think, the hottest day I ever knew. The stoutest men almost melted with the heat. In this way they drove the old gentleman before them at mid day, under the burning sun, round through Westville about five miles into the town, pricking him forward with their bayonets when his strength failed, and when he was ready to sink to the ground from utter exhaustion. Thus they marched him into New Haven, shooting down one and another of the unoffending inhabitants as they passed through the streets, and keeping him in utter uncertainty whether they had not been reserving him for the same fate. When they reached the green, he was recognised by one of the very few tories in the place, who had come forward to welcome the troops, and, at his request, was finally dismissed. His life was, for some time, in danger, from extreme exhaustion and from the wounds he received. He did, however, so far recover his strength as to preach regularly in the chapel, a part of the next year; but his death was, no doubt, hastened by his sufferings on that occasion. He died about sixteen months after."

THE RED-COURT FARM.

The inhabitants of a somewhat primitive fishing village on the coast of England were aroused from their slumbers one morning by the news that a shocking murder had been committed in the night. Hastening down to its alleged scene, they found it was too true.—The murdered man lay on a strip of beach land, and was a shocking sight to look upon. He had been shot in the face, right between the eyes, and, in falling from the heights above, the jagged edges of the rocks had also mangled that poor face, till not a trace of its humanity remained.

"Here comes Justice Thornycroft," cried one of the crowd, as a tall, portly, handsome man of sixty, was seen advancing towards them.

"What's all this hullabaloo about a murder?" cried out the Justice. "How d'ye do, Kyne?—how d'ye do? How d'ye do, all? When Martha brought up my shaving-water just now, she burst into my room, her hair and mouth all awry, with a story of a man having been murdered in the night, at the Half-Moon. Some poor drowned fellow, I suppose, cast on the banks by the tide. What brings him so high up?"

"I wish it was drowning, and nothing worse, for that's not such an uncivilized death, if it's your fate to meet it," returned Captain Copp, a retired officer in the merchant navy, whose right leg had been lost in an encounter with pirates. "It's a horrible land murder, and nothing less; upon a friend of yours, Justice."

"A friend of mine!" was the somewhat incredulous remark of Mr. Thornycroft. "Why, good Heaven!" he added, in an accent of horror, as the crowd parted and he got sight of the body, "it is my late guest, Robert Hunter!"

It was indeed. The face, as we have said, was destroyed beyond possibility of recognition, but the appearance and dress were not to be mistaken. He was buttoned up in his fur coat—as it was somewhat wrongly called, for the coat was of white cloth, and the trimmings only of fur. The hat was nowhere to be found—it never was found—but the natural supposition was, that in the fall it had rolled down to the sea, and been carried away by the tide.

Mr. Thornycroft stooped, and touched one of the cold hands—stooped to hide the tears which filled his eyes, unusual visitors to those of the Justice.

"Poor, poor fellow! how could it have happened? How could he have come here?"

"He must have been shot on the heights, and the shot hurled him over, there's no doubt of that," said Captain Copp. "Must have been standing at the edge of the plateau."

"But what should bring him on the plateau at night?" urged a spectator.

"What, indeed?" returned the captain, "I don't know. A bare, bleak place, even in daylight, with as good as no expanse of seaview."

"I cannot understand this!" said Justice Thornycroft. "Young Hunter took leave of us last night, and left for London. He missed the omnibus to Jutpoint, and set off to walk.—One of my boys saw him safe on his way. What brought him back on the plateau?"

"Yes," interrupted Supervisor Kyne, who, however, what with the wine and the brandy he had consumed, had a very confused and imperfect recollection of the events of the previous evening, but did not choose to let people know that. "Mr. Hunter shook hands with me in the dining room at the Red-Court, and I wished him a pleasant journey. That must have been—what time, Mr. Justice?"

"Getting on for nine."

"It's odd what could have spirited him back again," exclaimed Captain Copp. "Which of your sons steered him off?"

"I forget which," returned the Justice; "I heard Isaac say that one of them did. To tell you the truth, captain, I got jolly last night, and my head's none of the clearest this morning. How do you find yours, Kyne?"

"Oh, mine's all right, sir," answered the supervisor, hastily. "A man in office is obliged to be cautious."

"Ah, there's no coming over you, Kyne," cried the Justice, with a side wink to Captain Copp.

"There's Mr. Isaac himself, a coming round the point," exclaimed a fisherman.

The crowd turned and saw him. He was approaching with a rapid step.

"They say Hunter is murdered!" he called out. "It cannot be."

"He is lying here, stiff and cold, Isaac, with a bullet in his head," was the sad reply of the Justice. "Shot down from the heights above."

Isaac Thornycroft stooped over him in silence. His fair complexion and rosy color, heightened by the morning air, were something bright to look upon. But as he gazed at that shockingly disfigured mass, a paleness as of the grave overspread his face, and a shudder, which shook him from head to foot, passed through his frame.

"What brought him here—or on the plateau?" he asked. Almost the same words his father had used.

"What, indeed!" repeated Mr. Thornycroft. "Did you tell me you saw him off? Or was it Richard?"

"It was Cyril. I did not see him at all after I left the dining-room. But Richard, when he joined me, later in the evening, said he had been—had been," repeated Isaac, having rather hesitated at these words, "saying good-bye to Hunter, and that Cyril was walking part of the road with him."

"I wonder where Cyril left him," cried the Justice. "We will go up and ask him."

"What is to be done with this here, your honor?" inquired one of the fishermen, pointing to what lay there.

"It must be taken to the Mermaid," replied Mr. Thornycroft, as he walked away, followed by his son Isaac and three or four friends. "Go and tell them to prepare for it, and bring a shutter to carry it on. Don't be all the morning about it, or you will have the tide over the path."

Anything for excitement in a moment like the present. Away raced the whole lot of bearers to the Mermaid, leaving Captain Copp, who could not race and the customs officers, who seemed in a brown study, standing guard over the body.

"There's more in this than meets the eye, captain," began the latter, rousing himself. "If this has not been the work of smugglers, my name's not John Kyne."

"Smugglers be shivered!" cried the seaman, who, it was pretty well suspected in the village, obtained his spirits and tobacco without any trouble to her Majesty's revenue, "there's no smugglers here, Mr. Officer. And if there were, what should they want with murdering Robert Hunter?"

"I have been on the work and watch for weeks, captain, and I know that there *is* smuggling carried on, and to a deuced pretty extent."

"We are rich enough to buy our brandy and pay duty on it, Mr. Supervisor," wrathfully retorted the offended captain."

"Oh, pshaw! I am not looking after the paltry dabs of brandy they bring ashore. One may as well try to wash a blackamoor white, as to stop that. I look after booty of more consequence. There are cargoes of dry goods run here; foreign lace at a guinea a yard."

"My eye!" ejaculated Captain Copp, in amazement, who was willing enough to hear the suspicions, now he found they did not point to anything likely to affect his comfort, "where do they run them to?"

"They run them here, on the Half-Moon; and they have got a hiding-place somewhere in these rocks. I could swear to it. I was telling my suspicion to this poor fellow"—looking down at his feet—"and he offered to help me ferret out the matter. He came down with me here, examined the rocks, sounded them, (he was an engineer, you know,) and appointed a further hunt for the next day. I never saw a man more interested, or more eager to pounce on the offenders. But when the next day arrived, he came to me, and said he must apologise for not keeping his promise, but he preferred not to interfere further. When I pressed him for his reason, he only hemmed and ha'ed, and said that, being a stranger, the neighborhood might deem his doing so an impertinence. Now, captain, it is my firm belief that this sudden change, and his constrained manner, were caused by his having received some private hint from the smugglers themselves not to aid me in my search, and that it is nobody but they who have put it out of his power to do so."

"Whew!" whistled the staggered captain, "I could make more of a sinking ship than of what you say. Who are the smugglers? How did they find out he was going to interfere—unless he or you sent 'em word?"

"I don't know how they found it out. The affair is a mystery from beginning to end. Nobody was present at the conversation except Miss Mary Anne Thornycroft—and she cannot be suspected of holding communication with smugglers."

"This young fellow was a sweetheart of Miss Mary Anne's, eh?"

"I don't know. They seemed very intimate. I could almost swear Old Nick has to do with this smuggling business," added the supervisor, earnestly. "This day fortnight there was a dinner at the Red-Court—you were there, by-the-way."

"A jolly spread the old Justice gave us, prime drink and cigars!" chimed in the salt tar.

"Well—I was there, and one can't be in two places at once. That very evening they managed to run their cargo, ran it on to this identical spot, sir," cried the disconcerted officer, warming with his grievance. "Vexed enough I was, and never once have I been off the watch since. Every night have I took up my station on that cursed damp plateau overhead, my stomach stretched on the ground, to keep myself dark, and just half an eye cocked out over the cliff—and all to no purpose. Last night, Sunday, I went in again to dine with the hospitable Justice, and I'll be—I'll be shivered, sir, as you say sometimes, if they did not take advantage of it, and run another cargo!"

"Bless and save my wooden leg!" uttered the captain, an aspiration he was wont to utter in moments of amazement, "it's unbelievable! How do you know they ran it?"

"I know it, and that's enough," replied Mr. Kyne, too much annoyed to stand upon politeness. "But, here's the devil of the thing—how did *they* know I was off the watch those two particular nights? If it got wind the first night, that I should be engaged at the Red-Court—though I don't believe it did, for I can keep my own counsel, and did then—it could not have got wind the second. Five minutes before I went in there last night, I had no notion of it myself. Mr. Isaac looked into my rooms just before six, to borrow a newspaper, and *would* walk me off with him. I had had my chop at one o'clock, and was going to think about tea. Now how could the wretches have known last night that I was there?"

"It's of no good appealing to me, how. I never was 'cute at breaking up marvels. Once, in the Pacific, there was a great big thing haunted the ship, bigger than the biggest seaserpent, and—"

"Depend upon it we have traitors in the camp," unceremoniously interrupted the supervisor, for he knew by experience that when once Captain Copp was fairly launched upon that old marvel of the Pacific Ocean, there was no stopping him. "Traitors round about us at our very elbows and hearths, if we only knew in which direction to look for them."

"Well, I ain't one," said the captain, "so you need not look after me. A pretty figure my wooden standard would cut, running smuggled goods. Why didn't you tell all this to Justice Thornycroft?"

"Because if I introduce a word about smugglers, he throws ridicule and cold water on it directly. And I did not choose to speak of it before all the fishermen who were gaping round, or I might defeat my chance of discovery. I cannot suspect any of the superior people in the neighborhood. I do not know much of those Connaughts—but they don't seem like smugglers either."

"The Connaughts!" roared out the captain, "as well think my niece smuggles as they! The old Connaught is bedridden half his time, and the son has got his eyes strained on books all day, learning to be a parson."

"That's true," grumbled the officer. "All I know is, I can't fathom it; worry over it as I will."

"Here comes the plank," interrupted the captain. "I shan't stop to see *that* moved; so good-morning to ye."

Meanwhile Mr. Thornycroft, and those who accompanied him, ascended through the village to the heights, and reached his residence, the Red-Court Farm. At the substantial breakfast-table sat Richard Thornycroft, the eldest son. But he had not yet begun to eat: he was meditating; and letting the things grow cold before him.

"Is Cyril up yet?" inquired Mr. Thornycroft.

Richard took out his watch. "Sure not to be. It is only half-past eight. Cyril never leaves his room before nine."

"Have you heard the news, Richard?"

"Yes," was Richard's laconic answer.

"What do you think of it? How do you suppose it could have happened?"

"I don't think about it," returned Richard. "I conclude that if he did not shoot himself, he must have got into some quarrelling fray. He drank enough wine last evening to heat his brain, and we had proof that he was fond of meddling in what did not concern him. The extraordinary part of the business is, what brought him back on the plateau, after he had once started on his journey."

"I'll go up and arouse Cyril, and know where he left him. Gentlemen, if you will sit down and take some breakfast, we shall be glad of your company. That's a capital round of beef. Hallo, you wenches!" called out the Justice, in the direction of the kitchen, "some of you come in here and attend. Sinnett, let some more ham and eggs be sent in."

Nothing loath, they sat down, whilst Mr. Thornycroft ascended to Cyril's bed chamber. Presently his voice was heard on the landing. "Hey! hi! Cyril! Are you anywhere about the house? Cyril!"

His voice died away in the echoes of the large house, but there was no answer. Mr. Thornycroft walked forward and knocked at his daughter's bed-room.

"What do you want, papa?" responded a faint voice from within.

"I want you, Mary Anne. Open the door." He was not immediately obeyed.

"Open the door, I say," cried the impatient old gentleman, shaking its handle with his strong hand. "What, girl! are you afraid of me?"

Miss Thornycroft slowly opened the door, and presented herself. A fine girl, tall and fair, with the well-formed features of her brother Isaac. She was in a handsome silk dress, but its flounces looked tumbled, as if she had lain down in it, and her hair was rough and disarranged. It was the gown she had worn the previous evening, and it would almost seem as if she had done nothing to herself since going upstairs to bed. The signs caught her father's eye, and he spoke in astonishment.

"Why—what in the world, girl? You have never undressed yourself! Surely, you did not pay too much respect to the wine, as we did!"

"You know better than that, sir. I was very tired, and threw myself on the bed when I came up: I suppose sleep overtook me. Do not allude to it, papa, down stairs. I will soon change my dress."

"Sleeping in your clothes does not seem to agree with you, Mary Anne: you look as if you had swallowed a doctor's shop. Do you know anything of Cyril? that's what I wanted to ask you."

"No," she replied, "I have neither seen nor heard him."

Mr. Thornycroft returned to the breakfast-room. "I cannot find Cyril," he announced. "He is early out this morning."

"Mr. Cyril did not sleep at home last night, sir," interposed the housekeeper, Sinnett: at least she used to be housekeeper before Miss Thornycroft returned home from school.

"Not sleep at home!" responded the Justice, in amazement. "You must be mistaken, Sinnett. Cyril is not a night-bird," he added, turning, with a wink, to the company, "like his rollicking brothers."

"Mr. Cyril did not sleep at home, sir," persisted Sinnett. "When Martha took up his hot water just now, and knocked, there was no answer, so she went in and saw the room had not been slept in."

"Very strange," repeated Mr. Thornycroft. "Richard, did you ever know Cyril stop out before?"

"Never," answered Richard.

"When did you see him last?"

"When he was going off last night with Hunter. I have not seen him since."

"He will turn up by-and-by," said Isaac.—"If a fellow has never stopped out to make a night of it, that's no reason why he never may. Perhaps he came to an anchor at the Mermaid."

Sinnett, seeing that nothing more was wanted at present in the breakfast room, went up to Miss Thornycroft. The young lady then had her hair down and her dress off, apparently in the legitimate process of dressing.

"My goodness me, Miss Mary Anne, how white you look!" was the involuntary exclamation of the servant. "It is a dreadful thing, Miss, but you must not take it too much to heart. It is worse for the poor young man himself than it is for you. What a precious old gaby master must have been to tell her in such haste!" added the woman to herself.

"Don't talk of it," wailed Mary Anne, "I cannot bear it. Is he found?"

"Poor wretch, yes! with no look of a human face about him! It's a mass of horror, they say."

"Shot down on to the Half-Moon!" shuddered Miss Thornycroft.

"In the far corner of it. I'll go and bring you up a cup of tea, Miss. You are shaking all over."

Before Miss Thornycroft could stop her, she had darted off, and going into the breakfast-room, asked for a cup of tea.

"What a pity it is, sir, that you told Miss Thornycroft so soon, before she was well out of her bed," she said, in an under tone, to her master, as she stood waiting for the tea. "Time enough for her to have heard such a horrid thing, sir, when she came down stairs. There she is, a shaking like a child, not able to dress herself."

"I did not tell her," returned Mr. Thornycroft, aloud. "What are you talking of?"

"You must have told her, sir," persisted Sinnett. "The first thing she asked me was, whether the body was found on the Half-Moon, and said it was shot down on to it. Nobody else has been into the room but yourself."

"Take up the tea to your mistress, and don't stand cavilling here," interposed Mr. Richard, in a tone of command.

Justice Thornycroft brooked not contradiction from a servant. He rose from table, and strode up stairs after Sinnett, following her into his daughter's room.

"Mary Anne"—in a sharp tone—"did you tell that woman I disclosed to you what had happened to Hunter?"

"No," was the reply.

"Did I tell you that anything had happened to him?"

"No, papa, you did not."

"Do you hear what Miss Thornycroft says?" continued the magistrate, turning to the servant. "I advise you not to presume to contradict me again. If the house were in less excitement, you should come in before them all, and beg my pardon."

A ghastly look of fear had started to the features of Miss Thornycroft.

"I—I heard them talking of it outside," she murmured, looking at Sinnett.

The woman arranged the waiter by the side of Miss Thornycroft, and went down stairs, ruminating.

"She *could not* have heard anything outside; her windows look on to the side garden, and nobody has had the key of it this morning. What is it all?"

That some dreadful mystery existed, something that would not bear the light of day, and in which Miss Thornycroft was in some way mixed up, she felt certain. And, woman-like, she spoke out her thoughts too freely.

When the party down stairs had concluded their breakfast, which they did not spare, in spite of the sight presented to their eyes that morning, they departed in a body, leaving the Justice writing to the coroner. The day wore on, and no Cyril appeared. He was not at the Mermaid; he seemed not to be anywhere else; nobody had seen him since the previous night, when he started to walk a little way with Robert Hunter.

"Richard," observed the Justice, to his eldest son, "I don't like this absence of your brother's. It is making me uneasy."

"No occasion for that," returned Richard. "I dare say he will make his appearance by night, all right. Sir," he added, abruptly, "this affair of Hunter's must be kept dark."

"Kept dark! When a man's found murdered, one can't keep it dark. What do you mean, Dick?"

"I mean, kept as dark as the legal proceedings will allow. Don't make more stir in it, sir, than is absolutely necessary. Hush it up as much as you can. You'll be at the coroner's right hand. It is essential advice, father."

"What the deuce!" burst forth the magistrate, staring at his son; "you do not fear Cyril was the murderer of Hunter?"

"No, thank God!" fervently answered Richard. "But, don't you see, sir,—too minute inquiries may set them on the track of something else that was done on the Half-Moon last night, and it would not do. That confounded Kyne has got his eyes and ears open enough, as it is!"

"By George! there's something in that!" deliberated the old gentleman. "My sympathy for Hunter put that out of my mind. All right, Dicky, now I have the cue."

The coroner's inquest on the body of Robert Hunter was held on the following Wednesday. It took place in the clubroom of the Mermaid, the coroner taking his seat at the head of its long table covered with green baize, while the jury ranged themselves round it. Justice Thornycroft was seated at the right hand of the coroner. The witnesses principally consisted of Mr. Thornycroft's family, Supervisor Kyne, who had found the body, and the surgeon who had examined it. Strange to say, summonses had been delivered to Miss Thornycroft, and to the niece and maid-servant of Captain Copp; a fact which had got spread abroad, and was exciting the most intense curiosity in the village.

The supervisor and doctor were first examined, then Justice Thornycroft. The latter spoke to the fact of the young man's having been his guest for the previous fortnight, at the Red-Court: that he had intended to leave on the Sunday night, by the half past eight omnibus for Jutpoint, to catch the train; but had missed it. He then said he would walk it, wished them good-bye, and left with that intention. He knew no more. Isaac Thornycroft deposed to the same; as did Richard, with this addition: That he said farewell to Hunter outside the Red-Court, when the latter was starting for Jutpoint, and that he saw him depart with his brother Cyril, who said he would see him a few yards on his way.

"Call Cyril Thornycroft," said the coroner.

The calling Cyril Thornycroft was a mere form, and the coroner had been made aware that it would be so. More singular still to relate, he had not been at home since that hour, to the perplexity of his family and astonishment of the village. His mysterious absence had given rise to an unpleasant suspicion, more implied than expressed, for none liked to give voice to it, that Cyril Thornycroft had been the guilty man, and had flown from the consequences.

"Call Sarah Ford," said the coroner.

Sarah Ford appeared, and Captain Copp struck his wooden leg irascibly on the floor of the room: for the captain was indignant that any women folk belonging to him should be compelled to give public evidence on a murder. The evidence proceeded, in spite of the captain.

"You are servant in the family of Captain Copp?"

"Servant of all work," responded Sarah Ford.

"How long have you lived there?"

"Going on of two years. Afore that, I lived in London."

"We do not want to know where you lived before. Do you recollect last Sunday night?"

"What should ail me?" retorted Sarah, who was a clever woman in her vocation, but possessing a sharp and ready tongue, "it ain't so far back."

"Where did you go to that night, late in the evening?"

"I went nowhere but to Justice Thornycroft's."

"For what purpose did you go there?"

"To fetch Miss Annie. She was to have come home at eight o'clock, and when it went on almost to the stroke of nine and she did not come, misses and master told me to go for her."

"Which you did?"

"Which I did, and without stopping to put anything on. Just as I turned off the waste land, on to the Red-Court path, I met young Mr. Hunter and young Cyril Thornycroft."

"Walking together, towards the village?" interposed the coroner.

"Walking on, that way."

"Did they seem angry with each other?"

"No, sir, they were talking pleasantly. Mr. Cyril was saying to the other that if he stepped out, he would be at Jutpoint by half-past ten. That was before they came close, but the air was clear, and brought out the sound of their voices."

"Did they speak to you?"

"I spoke to them. I asked Mr. Hunter if he had lost the omnibus, for, you must understand, Miss Annie had told me in the morning that he was going by it—and he said yes he had, and had got to tramp it. So I wished him a good journey."

"Was that all?"

"All that he said. Mr. Cyril asked me was I going to the Court, and I said yes I was, to fetch Miss Annie, and that master was in a tantrum with her for stopping so late, and with Miss Thornycroft for keeping her. With that, they went their way, and I went mine."

"After that, you reached the Red-Court?"

"Of course I reached it, and went into the kitchen, where they gave me some mulled wine, while Miss Annie was getting ready. When she came into the hall, Miss Thornycroft, in a freak (I didn't think she meant it) said she would come out with her. Miss Annie asked her how she would get back again, and she answered, laughing, that she'd run back to be sure, nobody was about to see her. Well, she clapped on her garden bonnet, which hung there, and a shawl, and we came away, all three of us. As we got close to the plateau, by the waste land, they was somewhat afore me, and I saw 'em both stop and stare on to it, as if they saw something; and I wished they'd just stare at our home instead, for I weren't over warm, a lagging there. Presently one on 'em says, 'Sarah, just look, is not that Robert Hunter up there, a walking about?' 'My eyes is too chilled to see so far, young ladies,' says I; 'what should bring Robert Hunter there, when I met him as I come along, a speeding on his journey to Jutpoint?' 'I can see that it *is* Robert Hunter,' returns Miss Thornycroft; 'I can see him quite distinct on that high ground against the sky.' And with that they told me to wait there, and they'd just run up and frighten him. Precious cross I was, and I took off my apron, and throwed it over my head, shawl fashion, thinking what a fool I was to come out on a cold night without—"

"Confine yourself to the evidence," sternly interrupted the coroner.

"Well," proceeded Sarah, who was as cool and equable before the coroner and jury as she would have been in her own kitchen, "I doubled my apron over my head, and down I sat on that red stone, which rises out of the ground there, like a low milestone. In a minute or two, somebody comes running on to the plateau, as if a following the young ladies—"

"From what direction, witness?"

"He came from that of the Red-Court."

"Did you recognise him?"

"No, I didn't try to. I saw it was a man, through the slit I had left in my apron. He was going fast, but stealthily, hardly letting his shoes touch the ground, as if he was up to no good. And I warn't sorry to see him go there, for, thinks I, he'll hurry back my young ladies."

"Witness—pay attention—were there no signs by which you could recognise that man? How was he dressed? As a gentleman?—as a sailor?—as a—"

"As a gentleman, for all I saw to the contrary," replied the witness, unceremoniously interrupting the coroner's question. "If I had known he was a going to the plateau to murder young Mr. Hunter, you may be sure I'd have looked at him sharp enough."

"What sized man was he? Tall or short?"

"Very tall."

"Taller than—Mr. Cyril Thornycroft, for instance?"

"A great deal taller."

"You are sure of this?"

"I am sure and certain. Why else should I say so?"

"Go on with your evidence."

"A minute or two afterwards, I heard a gun go off behind me, as I was sitting with my back to the plateau—"

"Did that startle you?"

"No. I ain't nervous. If I had thought it was let off on the plateau, it might have bothered me, because of the two young ladies being there, but I believed it was only from some passing vessel."

"It is singular you should have thought so lightly of it. It is not common to hear a gun fired on a Sunday night."

"You'd find it common enough if you lived here, sir. What with rabbit and other game shooters, and signals from boats, it is nothing, in this neighborhood, to hear a gun go off, and it's what nobody pays any attention to."

"Therefore you did not?"

"Therefore I did not. And the apron I had got muffled over my ears made the sound appear further off than it really was. But, close upon the noise, came an awful yell, and then a shrill scream, as if from a woman.—That startled me if you like, and I jumped up, and threw off my apron, and looked on to the plateau. I could not see anything; neither the man nor the young ladies; so I thought it time to go and search after them. I had got nearly up to the Round Tower, that ruined wall, breast high, which is on the plateau—"

"You need not explain," said the coroner, "we know the place."

"When a man darted out from the shade of it," continued the witness, "cut across to the side of the plateau next the village, and disappeared down that dangerous, steep path, which nobody afore, I guess, ever ventured down but in broad daylight."

"Was it the same man you saw just before, running on to the plateau?"

"Of course it was."

"By what marks did you know him again."

"By no marks at all. I should not know the man from Adam. My own senses tell me it was the same, because there was no other man on the plateau."

"Your own senses will not do to speak from. Remember, witness, you are on your oath."

"Whether I am on my oath or whether I ain't, I should speak the truth," was the response of the imperturbable witness.

"What next?"

"I stood a looking at the man; that is, at where he had disappeared; expecting he was pitching down head foremost and getting half killed, at the pace he was a going, when Miss Thornycroft appears from the Round Tower, shaking and crying and laying hold of me, a'most beside herself with terror. Then I went inside the wall, and found Miss Annie had fainted dead away, and was a lying on the grass."

"What account did they give of this?"

"They didn't give none to me. Miss Annie, when she came to herself, was too much shook to do it, and Miss Thornycroft was no better. I thought they had been startled by the man; I never thought no worse; and I did not hear about the murder till the next morning. They told me not to say anything about it at home, or that they had been on to the plateau. So Miss Thornycroft ran back to the Red Court, and I took home Miss Annie."

"What else do you know about the matter?"

"I don't know any more myself. I have heard plenty."

The witness's "hearing" was dispensed with, and Captain Copp was called.

"What account did your niece give you of this transaction?" demanded the coroner.

"What account did she give me?" spluttered Captain Copp, "she gave me none. This is the first time my ears have heard it. I only wish I had been behind them with a cat-o'-nine-tails"—shaking his stick in a menacing manner—"I'd have taught them to go gamusing on to the plateau at night, after sweethearts! I'll send my niece home to her father, and let him punish her; he's a clergyman, Mr. Coroner, a vicar of a parish, and will know how to do it. And that vile bumboat woman, Sarah, with her apron over her head, shall file out of my quarters this day; a she-pirate—a—"

The coroner interposed. But what with Captain Copp's irascibility and his real ignorance of the whole transaction, nothing satisfactory could be obtained from him, and the next witness called was his niece. She was a lady-like, interesting girl, but gave her evidence in a sad state of excitement, trembling as with terror.

Her account of their going on to the plateau was the same as Sarah's. It was "done in impulse of the moment," to "frighten," "speak to" Robert Hunter. (A groan.—Captain Copp.) That they halted for a moment at the Round Tower, and then found a man was following them on to the plateau so they ran inside to hide themselves.

"Who was that man?" asked the coroner.

"I don't know," was the faint reply, "I am near-sighted."

"Did you look at him?"

"We peeped out, round the wall."

"Proceed, witness, if you please."

"He came close, and—then—"

"Then what?" said the coroner, looking searchingly at the witness, who seemed unable to continue. "You must speak, young lady."

"Then I saw him with a pistol—and he fired it off—and I was so terrified that I fainted, and remembered no more."

"A good thing if he had shot off your figure-heads!" burst forth Captain Copp, but was immediately silenced.

"Was he tall or short, this man?"

"Tall."

The young lady's agitation was increasing.

"Did you know him?" proceeded the coroner.

"Oh no, no!" was the witness's shrieking answer, as she fell back in a violent hysterical fit.

When the hubbub, caused by her being taken from the room, had subsided, the coroner resumed his business.

"Call Mary Anne Thornycroft."

Miss Thornycroft appeared, led into the room by her brother Richard. Her face was of a deadly white, and her lips were compressed: but she delivered her evidence with composure, in a low, determined tone. In the course of her examination, the coroner inquired if she had recognized Robert Hunter.

"Yes," was the reply. "I saw the outline of his face and figure distinctly, and knew him. I recognised him first by the air he had on; it was quite conspicuous in the light."

"You saw the man who then came on to the plateau?"

"Yes."

"Who was it?"

Mary Anne Thornycroft laid her hand on her heart, as if pressing down its emotion before she answered.

"I cannot tell."

"Did you not know him?"

"No."

"Upon your oath?"

Miss Thornycroft again pressed her hands on both hands, upon her bosom, and a convulsive twitching was perceptible in her throat; but she replied in a low tone,

"Upon my oath."

"Then, he was a stranger?"

She bowed her rigid face in reply, for the white, strained lips refused to answer. Motions are no answer for coroners, and this one spoke again.

"I ask you whether he was a stranger?"

"Yes."

"You saw him draw the pistol, and fire?"

"Yes."

"Now, young lady, I'm going to ask you a painful question, but the ends of justice demand that you should answer it. Was that man your brother, Cyril Thornycroft?"

"No," she answered, in the sharp tone of earnest truth, "I swear it was not. I swear before Heaven. The man was at least a head taller."

"Did he aim at Robert Hunter?"

"I cannot say. Robert Hunter was standing with his face towards us then, and I saw him fall back, over the precipice."

"With a yell, did he not?"

"Yes, with a yell."

"What then?"

"I cannot tell what. I believe I shrieked—I cannot remember. I next saw the man running away across the plateau."

"The witness, Sarah Ford's evidence would seem to say that he lingered a few moments after firing the pistol—before escaping," interposed the coroner.

"It is possible. I was too terrified to retain a clear recollection. I remember seeing him run away, and then Sarah Ford came up."

"Should you recognise that man again?"

Miss Thornycroft hesitated. The room waited in breathless silence for her answer.

"I believe not," she said; "it was only starlight. I am sure not."

At this moment, a juryman spoke up. He wished to know how it was that Miss Thornycroft, and the other young ladies had never mentioned these facts till to-day, when they had been drawn from them, as it were, by their oath.

"Because," Miss Thornycroft replied, with, if possible, a deeper shade of paleness added to her face—"Because they did not care that their foolish freak of going on to the plateau should come to the knowledge of their friends."

"Glad they have some sense of shame 'em!" muttered Captain Copp.

The juryman wished the maid-servant to be called, and put the same question to her.

Why didn't she tell? was the independent reply. Did the gentleman think she was going to blest it out that the young ladies the murder committed, when they didn't

to tell of it themselves, and so bring 'em here to be browbeat and questioned, as they had all been this day? Not she. She was only sorry other folks had ferreted it out, and told.

Very little more evidence was given; none of consequence to the general reader. Supervisor Kyne volunteered a statement about smuggling, which nobody understood, and Justice Thorneycroft ridiculed. The coroner cut it short, and proceeded to charge the jury; If they thought a wicked, deliberate act of murder had been committed, they were to bring in a verdict to that effect; and if they thought it had not, they were not to bring it in so; and grateful for this luminous advice, the jury proceeded to deliberate.

"Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown." Such was the verdict.

But though the mystery was not cleared up to the public, we will clear it up to the reader.

When Mary Anne Thorneycroft and her friend gained the Round Tower that night, and found a man was running on to the plateau after them, they shrank within its walls for shelter, occasionally peeping out. Who was it? Annie was short-sighted, but Mary Anne soon saw it was her brother Richard. What did he want on the plateau at that time of night? She looked round the opening and watched him come nearer; she could see him distinctly, even the action of his eyes. They were strained on Robert Hunter. When close to the Round Tower, he stopped, apparently in dismay.

"What!" he uttered, and the words came distinct to Mary Anne's ear, "*Hunter there!* the double-dyed felon! Such a false villain does not deserve to live. And I warned him!"

At that moment Robert Hunter, who had been stooping over the precipice, apparently looking down, drew himself upright, and turned round towards Richard; the ugly fur on his coat was then very conspicuous. Richard Thorneycroft, with a hissing oath, drew a pistol from his breast pocket, pointed it, and fired, and with a fearful yell the ill-fated man disappeared over the cliff. Another shriek, more shrill, rang at Richard's elbow from the shade of the Round Tower.

"Some cursed sea-bird," he muttered. "*He* has got his deserts. I would be served so myself, if I could thus have turned traitor!"

But what was it seized Richard's arm? Not a sea-bird. It was his sister Mary Anne.

"You here!" he cried with a fearful oath. "What the fury—have you all turned mad to-night?"

"You have murdered him!" she cried, in a read whisper—for how could she know that Annie had fallen senseless and could not hear her?—"you have murdered Robert Hunter!"

"I have!" he hissed. "He is dead, and more than dead. If the shot did not take effect, the fall would."

"Say it was an accident!" she moaned.

"Became over you?"

"He earned it of his own accord; earned it deliberately. I had my pistol to his head before, this night, within an inch of it, and I spared him. I had him on his knees to me, and he took an oath to be away from this place instantly, and to be silent. I told him if he broke it, if he lingered here but for a moment, I would put the bullet into him. I saw him off; meant Cyril with him to speed him on his road; and—the fool came back again, and I done it."

"I will denounce you," she fiercely uttered, though you are my brother, Richard [illegible]; I will raise the hue and cry upon you."

"You had better think twice of that," he answered, shaking her in his passion. "If you denounce me, you must raise it against your father and all your brothers."

"What do you mean?" she asked, quailing, for there was a savage earnestness in his words which told of startling truth.

"Girl! see you no mystery? You would have aided Hunter in discovering the smugglers: see you not that *we* are the smugglers? We are running a cargo now—now"—and his voice rose to a hoarse shriek as he pointed towards the Half-Moon, "and he would have betrayed Judas to us! He was on the watch there, on the plateau's edge, doing traitor's work for Kyne."

"He did not know it was you he would have denounced," she faintly uttered.

He did know it: the knowledge came to him to-night. He was abject enough before me, coward, and swore he would be dark, and be gone from hence there and then. But his traitor's nature prevailed, and he has got his deserts. Now go and raise the hue and cry upon us! Bring your father to a felon's bar."

Mary Anne Thorneycroft, with a despairing cry, sank down on the grass at her brother's feet. He was about to raise her, rudely enough, when his eye caught the form of some one advancing. It proved to be Sarah Ford, and she hurried darted off across the plateau.

Mary Anne Thorneycroft went home. Sounds of revelry proceeded from the dining room as she passed it, and she dragged her shaking limbs up-stairs to her chamber, and shut herself in with her dreadful secret.

So Robert Hunter was buried in the little churchyard of Coast-down, within sight of the spot where he was shot down from. Justice Thorneycroft bearing the expenses. No friend appeared to inquire after him, and, for all that could be seen, he seemed likely to lie buried there forever, and the name of his murderer with him.

COATS.—At the battle of Pustadt, fought in 1707, between the Saxons and Russians on the one side and the Swedes on the other, the Saxons were red coats, and the Russians white coats lined with red. The Saxons were soldiers of high reputation, while the Russians (though this was but little more than two years before Pultowa's day!") were the most abject creatures imaginable. To deceive the Swedes, the Russians were ordered to put on their coats inside out, the object being to prevent the Swedes from concentrating their forces upon the cowards. But the plan didn't answer, for although the Russians repulsed the Swedes, the Russians fled away at once, in spite of their having turned their coats, and carried the Saxons with them. It was the old story of the ass in the lion's skin. Perhaps it was the only occasion in which turning coats was not a profitable piece of business.

OBSERVANCE.—When some one asked old Governor Scott of Kentucky, "Why do you continue to preach when you have converted but one sinner in twenty years?" "Have I converted one?" said he. "Yes," replied the questioner. "Then," said the good man, "here's for two years more; I may convert two."

HUGGED BY A SERPENT.

BY A CANADIAN SETTLER.

I was brought up near the Canada line in Vermont. My father owned a large farm, though he was an iron worker by trade. I think he made some of the best rifles ever used. Not far from his farm was quite a lake, where we used to enjoy ourselves at fishing and sailing; for we had one of the best sail-boats ever put into fresh water. We knew that there were plenty of snakes about the lake—especially around one part of it—a wide piece of flats, where the water lay most of the year, and where the tall grass and reeds grew thickly. It was a sort of bay, making up into a cove on the opposite side from the farm. We had seen some large snakes in the water there, and I had tried to shoot them as they swam with their heads up, though I never happened to get one of them in that way. I am sure I hit some of them, but they managed to get away into the grass; and I had no desire to follow them, especially into such a place. Most of those that I saw were the common black water-snake, but they were not all alike. Some of the largest ones had a light-colored ring around the neck; and I was told by those who knew, that these latter were by far the strongest and most dangerous.

However, I was destined soon to have my eyes opened. One afternoon, I saw a flock of black ducks fly over the house, and I was sure they lighted on the lake; so I seized my double-barrelled gun and ammunition, and started off. When I reached the landing, I saw the ducks away off by the opposite shore. I at once cut some green boughs with my knife; and having rigged up the bows of a small flat-bottomed scull we kept on purpose for such work, I jumped in, and started off. There was a hole in the stern through which we could put the oar, and thus scull the boat without sitting up in sight, so from where the ducks were my contrivance had the appearance of only a simple mass of boughs floating along upon the water.

I had got near enough for a shot, and had drawn in the scull, and was in the act of taking up my gun, when the ducks started up. As quickly as possible I drew one hammer and let drive. I hit two of them, but they didn't fall into the water. They fluttered along until they fell among the tall grass up in the cove. The water was low, and the place was dry where they were. I pulled up as far as I could, and then got out and waded up. I knew very near where one of the ducks had fallen, and very soon had my eye on it. As I ran up to take it, I saw the head of a black snake pop out and catch it by the wing. I saw only the head and neck of the reptile, and had no idea how large a one it was; or, if I had, probably I should have done just as I did, for I had no idea of fearing such a thing. So I just runs up and snatches the bird away. I had left my gun in the boat, and had nothing to kill the chap with; but as I took the duck, I just put my foot upon the thief's neck.

The ground was moist and slimy, and as the snake had his body braced among the *roots* of the stunt reeds, he took his head out from under my foot about as quick as a man could comfortably think. I thought I'd run back to my boat and get my gun, and try to kill this fellow; and I had just turned for that purpose, when I felt something strike my leg, as though somebody had thrown a rope around it. I looked down, and found that the snake had taken a turn around my left leg with his tail, and was in the act of clearing his body from the grass. I dropped the duck and gave a smart kick, but that didn't loosen him; so I tried to put my right foot upon him, and thus draw my left leg away; but I might as well have tried to put my foot on to a streak of lightning!

And hadn't I been deceived? I had forgotten the proportionate size of the head of this species of black snake. I had expected to see a snake four or five feet long; but instead of that he was nearly eight feet and a-half! I tell ye, I looked ten ways for home about that time. Still, I hadn't yet any great fear, for I supposed that when I came to put my hands on to him, I could easily take him off, for I was pretty strong in the arms. In a few seconds he had his body all clear, and it was then that the first real thrill shot through me. There he held himself by the simple turn around my leg, and with his back arched in and out, he brought his head just on a level with mine. I made a grab for him, but missed him; and then, as quick as you can snap your finger, he swept his head around under my arm—clear around my body—and then straightened up and looked me in the face again. I gave another grab at him—and another, as quick as I could, but he dodged me in spite of all I could do.

I next felt the snake's body working its way up. The turn of the tail was changed to my thigh, and the coil around my stomach commenced to tighten. About this time I began to think there might be some serious work, and the quicker I took the snake off the better. So I just grasped him as near the head as possible, by taking hold where he was around me—for he couldn't dodge that part, you know—and tried to turn him off. But this only made it worse. The fellow had now drawn himself up so high, and stretched himself so, that he whipped another turn about me. His tail was now around my left thigh, and the rest of him turned twice around my body—one of them being just at the pit of my stomach, and the other one above it. All this had occupied just about half a minute from the time he first got the turn around my leg.

The snake now had his head right around in front of my face, and he tried to make his way to my mouth! What his intention was I cannot surely tell, though I have always believed that he knew he could strangle me in that way. He struck me one blow in the mouth that hurt me considerably; and after that I got him by the neck, and there I meant to hold him—at least, so that he should not strike me again. But about this time another difficulty arose. The moment I grasped the snake by the neck, he commenced to tighten his folds about my body! It wasn't over a few seconds before I discovered that he'd soon squeeze the breath out of me in that way, and I determined to unwind him. He was wound in this way: The turn around the thigh was from left to right—then up between the legs to my right side, and around the back to my left side—and so on with the second turn—thus bringing his head up from under my left arm. I had the snake now with the left hand, and my idea was to pass his head around my back until I could reach it with my right, and so unwind him. I could pass the fellow's head down under my arm, but to get it around so as to reach it with my right hand, I could not! I tried—I put all my power into that one arm, but I could not do it. I could get the head just about under my armpit; but here my strength was applied to a disadvantage, and I could do no more!

Until this moment I had not been really frightened. I had believed that I could unwind the serpent when I tried. I never dreamed what power they had. Why—only think—as strong as I was then—and could not put that snake's head around my back! I tried it until I knew that I could not do it, and then I gave it up. My next thought was of my jack-knife; but the lower coil of the snake was directly over my pocket, and I could not get it.

I now, for the first time, called out for help. I yelled with all my might; and yet I knew the trial was next to useless, for no one could easily gain the place where I was, except with a boat. Yet I called out, hoping against hope. I grasped the snake by the body and pulled—I tried to break its neck. This plan presented itself with a gleam of promise; but it amounted to nothing. I might as well have tried to break a rope by bending forward or backward!

A full minute had now passed from the time when first I tried to pass the snake's head around my back. His body had become so elongated by his gradual pressure around my body, that he had room to carry his head around in a free and symmetrical curve. He had slipped from my grasp, and when I next caught him, I found that I was weaker than before! I could not hold him! The excitement had prevented me from noticing this until now. For a few moments I was in a perfect *frenzy*. I leaped up and down—cried out as loud as I could—and grasped the snake with all my might. But it availed me nothing. He slipped his head from my weakened hand, and made a blow at my face, striking me fairly upon the closed lips. This made me mad, and I gave the infernal thing another grasp with both hands, trying once more to twist his neck. The only result was, that I got another blow upon the mouth!

But the moment of need was at hand. I felt the coils growing tighter and tighter around my body, and my breath was getting weak. A severe pain was beginning to result from the pressure, and I saw that the snake would soon have length enough for another turn. He was drawn so tightly, that the centre of his body was no bigger than his head! The black skin was drawn to a tension that seemed its utmost, and yet I could tell by the working of the large hard scales upon the belly that he was drawing himself tighter still!

"For God's sake!" I gasped, stricken with absolute terror, "what shall I do?" What could I do? The enemy for whom I had at first held so little thought was killing me—killing me slowly, openly, surely—and I had no help! I, a stout, strong man, was being actually held at the deadly will of a black snake! My breath was now short, faint, and quick, and I knew that I was growing purple in the face! My hands and arms were swollen, and my fingers were numbed! I had let go of the snake's neck, and he now carried the upper part of his body in a graceful curve, his head vibrating from side to side with an undulating motion of extreme gracefulness.

At length I staggered! I was losing my strength rapidly, and the pain of my body had become excruciating. The snake's skin where it was coiled about me was so tight that it seemed almost transparent. He had found me, or I had found him, in a state of hunger, his stomach free from food, and his muscular force unimpaired. A second time I staggered, and objects began to swim before me. A dizzy sensation was in my head, a faintness at my heart, and a pain the most agonizing in my body! The snake now had three feet of body free. He had drawn himself certainly three feet longer than before. He darted his head under my right arm, and brought it up over my shoulder; and pressing his under jaw firmly down, there he gave a sudden wind that made me groan with pain. Each moment was an age of agony!—each second a step nearer to death!

My knife! Oh! if I could reach it! Why not? Why not tear it out? My arms were free. Mercy! why had I not thought of this before—when my hands had some strength in them? Yet I would try it. I collected all my remaining power for the effort, and made the attempt. My trowsers were of blue cotton stuff, and very strong—I could not tear it! I thought of the stitches. They might not be so tenacious. I grasped the cloth upon the inside of my thigh, and gave my last atom of strength to the effort. The stitches started—they gave way! This result gave me hope, and hope gave me power. Another pull—with both hands—and the pocket was laid bare! With all the remaining force I could command—with hope of life—of home—of everything I loved on earth, in the effort—I caught the pocket upon the inside and bore down upon it. There was a cracking of the threads—a sound of tearing cloth—and—my knife was in my hands!

I had yet sense enough to know that the smallest blade was the sharpest, and I opened it. With one quick, nervous movement I pressed the keen edge upon the tense skin, and drew it across. With a dull, tearing snap the body parted, and the snake fell to the ground in two pieces! I staggered to the boat—I reached it, and there sank down. I know nothing more until I heard a voice calling me by name. I opened my eyes, and looked up. My father stood over me with terror depicted upon his countenance. I told him my story as best I could. He went up and got the duck I had taken from the snake—the other one he could not find—and also brought along the two pieces I had made of my enemy. He told me he had heard me cry out, and at once started off in the large boat after me, though it was a long while ere he saw my boat. I had lain there over half-an-hour when he found me.

When we reached home, the snake was measured, and found to be eight feet and four inches in length! It was a month before I fully recovered from the effects of that hugging; and to this day there is something in the very name of *snake* that sends a chill of horror to my heart!

THE FIRST FLOWERS.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

For ages on our river borders,
These tassels in their tawny bloom,
And willowy buds of downy silver,
Have prophecied of Spring to come.

For ages have the unbound waters
Smiled on them from their pebbly hem,
And the clear carol of the robin
And song of blue-bird welcomed them.

But never yet from smiling river,
Or song of early bird, have they
Been greeted with a gladder welcome
Than whispers from my heart to-day.

They break the spell of cold and darkness,
The weary watch of sleepless pain;
And from my heart, as from the river,
The ice of winter melts again.

Thanks, Mary! for this wild-wood token
Of Freya's footsteps drawing near;
Almost, as in the rune of Asgard,
The growing of the grass I hear.

It is as if the pine-trees called me
From ceiled room and silent books,
To see the dance of woodland shadows,
And hear the song of April brooks!

As, in the old Teutonic ballad
Of Odenwald, live bird and tree,
Forever live in song and beauty,
So link my thoughts these flowers and thee.

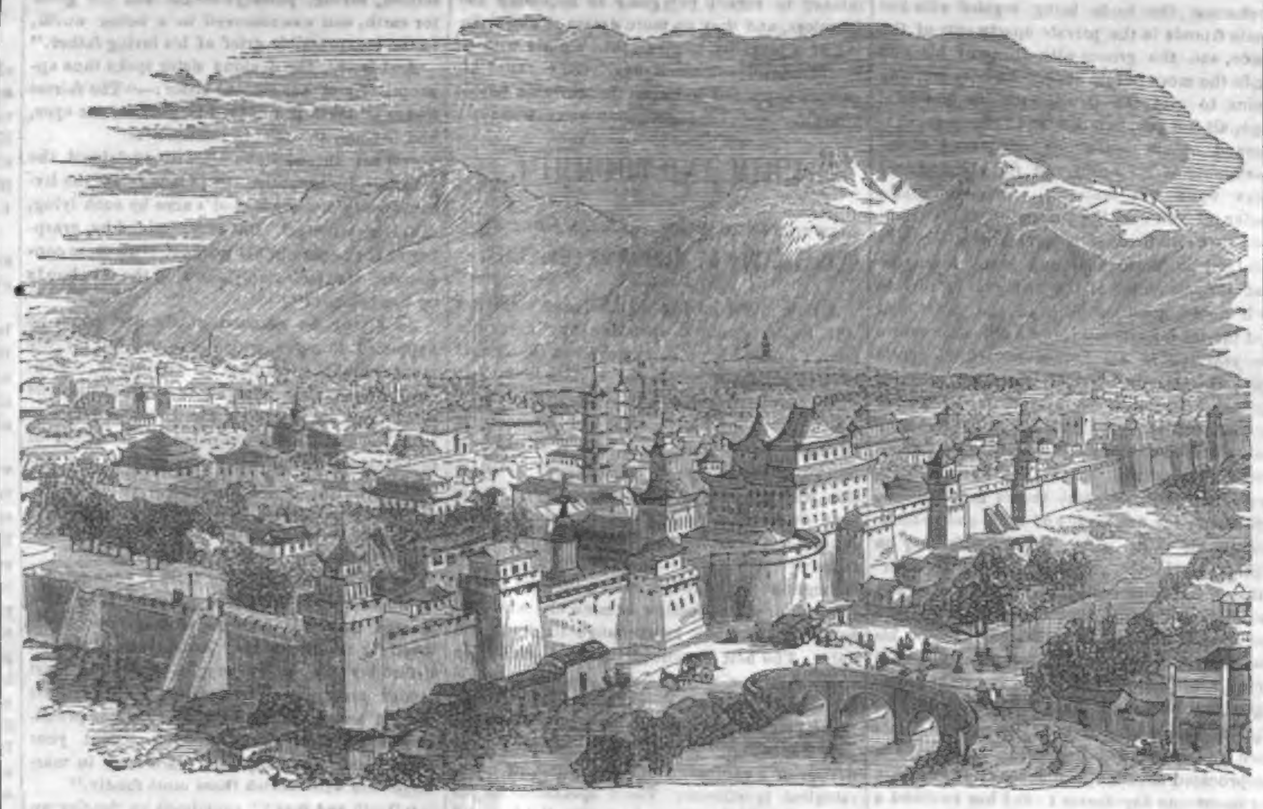
The small bird's track, the tiny rain-drop,
Forever mark the primal rock:
Who knows but that these idle verses
May leave some trace of Artieboke?

And maidens in the far-off twilights
Repeat my words to breeze and stream,
And wonder if the old-time Mary
Were real, or the singer's dream?

—*National Era.*

THE FIRST SAW-MILL.—The old practice in making boards, was to split up the logs with wedges; and inconvenient as the practice was, it was no easy matter to persuade the world that the thing could be done in a better way. Saw-mills were first used in Europe in the fifteenth century; but so lately as 1555, an English ambassador, having seen a saw-mill in France, thought it a novelty which deserved a particular description. It is amusing to see how the aversion to labor-saving machinery has always agitated England. The first saw-mill was established by a Dutchman, in 1663; but the public outcry against the new-fangled machine was so violent, that the proprietor was forced to decamp with more expedition than ever did Dutchman before. The "evil" was thus kept out of England for several years, or rather generations; but in 1768, an unlucky timber merchant, hoping that after so long a time, the public would be less watchful of its interests, made a rash attempt to construct another mill. The guardians of the public welfare, however, were on the alert, and a conscientious mob at once collected and pulled the mill to pieces.

THE RUINS OF CHALDEA.—I know of nothing more exciting or impressive than the first sight of one of those great Chaldean piles looming in solitary grandeur from the surrounding plains and marshes. A thousand thoughts and surmises concerning its past eventful history and origin—its gradual rise and rapid fall—naturally present themselves to the mind of the spectator. The hazy atmosphere of early morning is peculiarly favorable to considerations and impressions of this character, and the gray mist intervening between the gazer and the object of his reflections, imparts to it a dreamy existence. This fairy-like effect is further heightened by mirage, which strangely and fantastically magnifies its form, elevating it from the ground, and causing it to dance and quiver in the rarefied air. No wonder, therefore, that the beholder is lost in pleasing doubt as to the actual reality of the apparition before him.



PEKIN.

CHINA AND ITS CAPITAL.

Considering the vast extent of the Chinese Empire—China Proper alone being equal in territory to eighteen Great Britains—and the formidable multitudes of its population, it is singular how defenceless the Manchu dynasty really is. Canton may be described as a side door to the interior; but the Yellow Sea is the principal gate of China, leading directly to the great province in which Pekin is situated. Rarely do we find an imperial city more strikingly situated. Behind rises the famous Chinese wall, and still further spread the gloomy deserts of Gobi. In front, lies a deep and spacious gulf: on one side, the continent stretches away to the Arctic solitudes; on another, the immense dominions of the Manchus, teeming with life, bright with the works of industry, traversed by branching roads and canals, afford, for hundreds of miles, a succession of immense pictorial landscapes.

We may glance at the vast commercial system which has rendered China one of the richest, as it is one of the most extensive, of the empires of Asia. Everywhere may be seen the facilities for the furtherance of the enormous internal traffic which perpetually animates the country, in the number and magnitude of its rivers, one of which, the Blue River, suffices alone as a channel of communication between the three chief towns and the entire number of the provinces of China. These towns, standing in a triangle, separated only by this river, form as it were, a centre from which the prodigious commercial system penetrates to every quarter of the great empire. Nor has industry, ingenuity, and skill, been wanting in the Chinese to improve their geographical advantages, of which that extraordinary structure, the Imperial Canal, is a sufficient illustration. Through this medium, inland navigation is carried on from Pekin to Canton, a distance of upwards of one thousand four hundred miles. The portion of the canal which extends from Pekin to Hangchoo—a distance of seven hundred miles—is two hundred feet broad at the surface, and, in passing through the elevated tracts, is often from sixty to seventy feet in depth; while, in traversing low, marshy places, it is raised by embankments, sometimes twenty feet in height. If, in addition to this inland traffic of the Chinese—the powerful incentive, doubtless, to that exclusiveness which has proverbially characterised them—we consider the foreign intercourse into which they have recently entered, and the vast amount of trade carried on with the British at the several ports of Hong Kong, Canton, Amoy, Shanghae, Foo-choo, and Ningpo, China ranks unquestionably as the most wealthy and the most active, as it is the most extensive and populous, among the empires of the East.

If, on the other hand, we reflect on this country with respect to its naval and military capabilities, we shall perceive at once its weakness, and inability to cope with an enemy distinguished by maritime power and military prowess.—Sixty thousand Manchus, with five hundred thousand Chinese, constitute the body of the army. Of these, the Manchus—habitually under arms—are subjected to by far the most rigorous discipline, and retain, therefore, in some measure, their warlike character; while the utter absence of rule or rigor with respect to the Chinese portion—the larger number—the result of miserable policy on the part of the Manchu dynasty, has fostered a feebleness which renders the whole armament ineffective. The unquestionable testimony of a distinguished authority thus describes them: "There do not exist in the world more wretched troops, worse equipped, more insensible to honor—in a word, more completely absurd. They have proved that they are quite incapable of resisting European soldiers, even in the proportion of fifty to one."

Policy and custom alike still cherish the causes of this incapacity. With characteristic obstinacy, the Government opposes innovation or reform in tactics, or the use of weapons; and a senseless contempt manifested by the Chinese towards the military profession, discourages and degrades the soldier.

Nor does their naval force exhibit any superiority. It is composed of about thirty thousand sailors, distributed over a considerable number of war-junks. These vessels are of a rude construction, and, rigged with sails of bamboo matting, are difficult to manage, and incapable, in general, of long voyages, being merely fitted, in fact, for running along the coast. The shapes of the war junks vary in accordance with their names, and are indicated by the terms—centipede, having three rows of oars; the hawk's beak, with the two extremities equally curved, and each provided with a helm; and the four-wheeled, having two at the prow and two at the stern, turned by men with cranks. The military government of each province is placed, like the civil, under the command of the Viceroy, who has the direction of both land and sea forces. China has bachelors and doctors in war as well as in letters; and aspirants for these degrees are required to possess skill, especially in drawing the bow, mounting the horse, raising and throwing stones, and in performing a number of gymnastic trickeries for the purpose of delusion and intimidation.

Candidates for both degrees undergo examination at Pekin. This city is situated on an extensive plain, in the province of Petcheli, between the Peiho and Hoinpo. It is surrounded by a wall of thirty feet high, and about twenty feet thick, and, including the suburbs, it encloses a circuit of twenty miles. It is divided into two distinct portions—the north, or city of the Court, called Mei-ching; and the south, called Wai-chang, a suburb. The northern department has three separate enclosures, within the innermost of which are the Imperial Palace and the most splendid buildings. The palace itself is a vast structure, and the basement of which is a massive quadrangle, with its upper portions gradually decreasing, surmounted by pointed pinnacles; the whole presenting the peculiarities of Chinese architecture, fanciful, but not inelegant. The well known gate of Pekin consists of a handsome arch of stone, imposing in effect.

In many parts of the city, the streets are one hundred feet wide, but so badly paved, as to detract considerably from their splendor. A large and magnificent Lama temple is conspicuous among the objects of interest which arrest the eye. Among these are a noble observatory, and a variety of mosques, temples, churches, convents, and colleges, with the celebrated Imperial Academy of Han-lin. Pekin can also boast of a journal, which, being subjected to rigorous official inspection, may vie in this respect with those of Paris. Its manufactures are porcelain, colored glass, and precious stones, the trade in which is carried on chiefly by fairs, some of which are held monthly, and some annually.

The population of this remarkable city is estimated at two millions.

SPIDER'S THREAD.

In the introduction to entomology, by Kirby and Spence, there is a very curious description of the process by which the spider weaves its web. After describing the four spinners, as they are termed, from which the visible threads proceed, the writer goes on to mention that these are the machinery through which, by a process more singular than that of rope-spinning, the thread is drawn. Each spinner is pierced, like the plate of a wire-drawer, with a multitude of holes, so numerous and exquisitely fine, that a space often not bigger than a pin's point includes above a thousand.—Through each of these holes proceeds a thread of an inconceivable tenuity, which, immediately after issuing from the orifice, unites with all the other threads, from the same spinner, into one. Hence from each spinner proceeds a compound thread; and these four threads, at the distance of about one tenth of an inch from the apex of the spinner, again unite, and form the thread we are accustomed to see, which the spider uses in forming its web. Thus, a spider's web, even spun by the smallest species, and when so fine that it is almost imperceptible to our senses, is not, as we suppose, a single line, but a rope composed of at least four thousand strands. But to feel all the wonders of this fact, we must follow Leuwenhoeck in one of his calculations on the subject. This renowned microscopic observer found, by an accurate estimation, that the threads of the minutest spiders, some of which are not larger than a grain of sand, are so fine, that four millions of them would not exceed in thickness one of the hairs of his beard. Now we know that each of these threads is composed of above four thousand still finer. It follows, therefore, that above 16,000 millions of the finest threads which issue from such spiders are not, altogether, thicker than a human hair. It has long been a question among philosophers, whether it is possible to render the labors of the spider subservient to the benefit of mankind. In the earlier part of last century, Bon, of Languedoc, fabricated a pair of stockings and a pair of gloves from the threads of spiders. They were nearly as strong as silk, and of a beautiful gray color. The predacious habits of these animals, however, would seem to oppose an effectual barrier to their being bred up in sufficient numbers to render such a manufactory at all productive. The following arguments against the probability of any permanent or real advantage resulting from this attempt, were published by Reaumur, whom the Royal Academy had deputed to inquire into the matter. The natural fierceness of spiders renders them unfit to be bred and kept together. Four or five thousand being distributed in cells, fifty in some, one or two hundred in others, the big ones soon killed and eat the smaller ones, so that in a short time there were scarcely above one or two left in each cell; and to this inclination of devouring their own species is attributed the scarcity of spiders, when compared with the vast number of eggs they lay. Reaumur also affirms that the web of the spider is inferior in strength and lustre to that of the silk-worm, and produces less of the material fit for use. The thread of the spider's web can only bear a weight of two grains without breaking; and the bag sustains the weight of thirty-six grains; the thread of a silk-worm will bear two drachms and a half, so that five threads of the spider are necessary to form a cord equal to that of a silk-worm; and as it would be impossible to apply these so closely together as to avoid leaving any empty spaces, from which the light would not be reflected, the lustre would consequently be considerably less; this was noticed at the time the stockings were presented to the society by M. de la Hire. It was further observed, that spiders afford less silk than silk-worms, the largest bags of the latter weighing four grains, the smaller three grains—so that 2,304 worms produce a pound of silk. The bags of a spider weigh about one grain; when cleared of the dust and filth, they lose about two-thirds of that weight. The work of twelve spiders, therefore, only equals that of one silk-worm; and a pound of silk will require at least 27,648 spiders. But as the bags are solely the work of the females, who spin them to deposit their eggs in, there must be kept 55,296 spiders to yield one pound of silk; and this will apply to the good ones only, the spiders in gardens barely yielding a twelfth part of the silk of the domestic kinds. Two hundred and eighty of them would not produce more than one silk-worm; and 663,555 such spiders would scarcely yield a pound of silk!

☞ Some of our foreign lions resemble the human brain in one very striking particular.—They are without any sense themselves, and yet are the centres of sensation.

ORIENTAL USAGES, MARRIAGES, HAREMS, EXECUTION OF AN EASTERN NOBLE, &c.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY THE AUTHOR OF "DAVENPORT STORIES," AND OTHER TALES.

When a nobleman arrives at a marriageable age, or being already married, wishes to increase the number of his wives, his mother (or some other elderly female relative, if his mother happens to be dead,) begins to look around for her son, visits some of the families most nearly assimilating to his own in wealth and position, and selects such a lady as she deems suitable. Then she reports to her son the name, age and general appearance of the maiden, as well as the measure of personal beauty, accomplishments, &c., she is supposed to possess. The young man being favorably impressed by this report, again despatches his mother to negotiate the terms with the parents of the young lady, and in his behalf to lay at their feet a white pigeon, a half-blown tea rose, and a pretty heavy purse of gold. The *last* is probably the most acceptable portion of the offering, exerting, we may reasonably suppose, quite a potent influence over the minds of the parents in the young man's favor, and tending in no small degree to bring about a perfect understanding between the parties.

Nothing is, however, said that would indicate that the gold possessed any value; it is pushed carelessly aside by the parents, who declare most energetically that "such trash weighs nothing in comparison with the charms of their lovely daughter, whose teeth rival in blackness the polished ebony, and whose eyebrows are not to be surpassed in sleekness, color or polish by the *leech* itself." To which sage speech the gentleman's mother must, of course, yield unqualified assent. Under the pretext of "putting the paltry stuff out of sight," it is now taken aside, and weighed or counted, and in connection with the gold, the rank, position &c., of the gentleman himself may *perhaps* be *somewhat* considered.

If, after this parley, the parents of the lady conclude to accept the suitor of their daughter, they signify it by retaining the rose to present to the bride elect, and liberating the pigeon, which, being a tame one, usually flies back to its old home. The impatient lover, who is on the look-out for this omen *so favorable to his happiness*, greets the return of the pigeon with loud shouts of joy, on hearing which, his servants hasten to summon a party of his most intimate friends, and the next three or four days are spent in continuous feasting and merriment. At the end of these days of jollity, the father of the intended bride calls on his expected son-in-law, makes some allusion to the return of the white pigeon, though none at all to his daughter, and then takes his leave with the expression of his best wishes for the health and happiness of his young host, and the continued prosperity of his house. The lady has, in the meantime been presented by her mother, with the rose, and informed of her future destiny. Whether pleased or not, she knows it would be vain to remonstrate, and having been trained from her infancy to expect just this result, she meets it calmly and philosophically. Never having seen her future lord, she can, of course, form no conjecture as to her prospects for happiness; but were she sure of being miserable, she has only to submit to a *fate* she cannot elude, and she is wise enough not to waste tears or regrets where they can accomplish nothing. Strange, indeed, that woman's noble, loving heart, with all its depths of tender affection, all its boundless capacities for blessing and being blessed, all its untold wealth of yearning tenderness should thus be bartered for gold, and crushed and trampled upon by a system so base and mercenary, that her very nature is changed thereby, and she, the very soul of whose existence is *love*, can enter with perfect soulless indifference upon the sacred duties of wife and mother—solemn and holy relations that ought to awake in her breast all the tenderest sympathies of her womanly nature. How much does woman owe to Christianity, and how poorly, alas! even under the shadow of its benign influences, does she recognize her responsibilities, or appreciate her high and noble destiny!

The next step in the proceedings, is for the bridegroom to purchase a new and handsome state boat, (more or less richly ornamented, as his position may demand,) in which his ladylove is to be conveyed to her new home. This is decorated with miniature streamers and flags, adorned with fragrant flowers, and furnished with luxurious cushions, usually of embroidered velvet. The happy groom seats himself within, and is rowed over by his own slaves, (all decked in costly regalia befitting the occasion,) to the house or palace that contains his betrothed. Here he enters, and asks for an interview with the father, who expresses unbounded surprise at the sight of the new boat, and inquires its meaning, feigning ignorance of the whole transaction, and pretending to be unwilling to resign his daughter. This reluctance the suitor has to combat with another heavy purse of gold, (always the most effective weapon in such cases) a parley ensues, and finally a Buddhist priest is called in to witness the signature of the marriage contract, in which the groom avows that the lady therein named is thenceforth his wife, that her children shall be his legal heirs, and farther, that if quarrels arise, and he be divorced from her, he shall, on sending her back to her father's house, endow her with double the sum of her marriage dower, and continue to support her till her death, or union with another.

These arrangements concluded, the bridegroom, the priest, and a few friends (all males) repair to the house of the groom, and there, in feasting and revelry, await the arrival of the lady. It is several hours after nightfall before she follows. Then splendidly arrayed, crowned with flowers, and surrounded by the train of beautiful young handmaids her future husband has provided, she descends to her new boat, her parents and female relatives enter another, whilst various other boats follow in the rear, making up quite a gaudy procession, attended by a full band of music; the sound of which serves to announce to the expectant groom and his friends, the approach of the bridal party. At a short distance from her new home, her husband's mother and female relatives meet her, and amid songs and dancing, mirth and revelry, she enters the gorgeous home, that is *perhaps* to prove to her but a living sepulchre, the burial-place of her young affections, and the hopeless blighting of her maiden promise.—The songs, feasting and revelry are usually kept up till day dawn, and during all this time the impatient bridegroom is still kept in suspense, not yet having caught even a glimpse of his charmer, the bride being regaled with her female friends in the private apartments of the palace, and the groom with those of his own sex in the more public ones. As rosy morning begins to gild the Orient with its first faint tinge, all the guests retire, and the groom, chaperoned by his mother, is introduced to the apartments of his bride, and *for the first time* looks upon her features. Imagine, gentle reader, if you can, the anxiety of that moment—what a lifetime of happiness or misery lies enfolded in those anxious hearts. It may be that the character of the husband is replete with noble qualities of head and heart, and that the tender sympathies of a chivalric nature are yearning in his bosom toward the gentle being who stands blushing beneath his earnest gaze, and that there is in store for *both*, all of happiness that even their ardent imaginations have pictured to them. But perhaps that noble young husband will find that he has wedded a termagant who will plant thorns in his pillow, and scatter the fire brands of strife and contention in his daily path. Or, the wife may be gentle and lovely, yearning for affection herself, and ready to bestow in all its fullness and freshness and purity, her maiden heart on the one she has wedded in total ignorance of his real character or even appearance, and that young heart may be crushed in its bright morning, those pure and tender affections may be nipped in the bud ere their beauteous petals have fully expanded under the genial rays of reciprocated affection, and she may awake from her beauteous day-dream to find her husband a brutal monster, an aged sensualist, or a decrepid invalid just tottering into the grave. None of these are uncommon cases, and the young girl is often grossly deceived by her own parents, as to the age, appearance and character of her intended husband, especially if there is anything repulsive about either. They think thus to evade any attempt at opposition on her part till it is too late to avail her, and that the knot once tied, she will calmly resign herself to her fate. The risk of the groom is not so great, as *his mother* generally sees the young maiden before the betrothal, though she is allowed to hold no intercourse with her *after* that takes place, and consequently has little opportunity of drawing any conclusions that might lead her to make unfavorable *reports* to her son. But after all, the risk is a fearful one on both sides; and during my residence in the East, I was often led to wonder that marriages perpetrated at such terrible odds, should have exhibited so much of domestic happiness, and that a nation thus trammeled by etiquette in so tender a point, should have been guilty of no greater derelictions from moral purity than we find among the Siamese.

The wives of the *King* of Siam are procured in still a different manner. Some few of the earlier ones may possibly have been chosen as a matter of policy from the families of the wealthy nobles, but the mass of the *six hundred* who composed the harem of the last King, at the time of his death, were selected for their own personal attractions *alone*, without any regard to their family connections. Among the members of the King's household, there are two officers of the harem, whose chief business it is to fill vacancies, and find additions for that important department of household economy. Wherever they may find a young and pretty damsel whom they think likely to prove an acceptable offering to their royal master, they make proposals for her to the parents, who are generally only too glad to find such an honor in store for their daughter, especially as "the honor" comes not alone, but brings with it a much heavier purse of gold than they could reasonably expect from any other quarter.

The young maiden, when informed of the lofty destiny that awaits her, looks very much frightened, expresses great reluctance to leave her parents, and exhibits the requisite amount of blushes, maiden coyness, and womanly reluctance, but at the same time quite a philosophical resignation to what "fate has decreed." With no farther preparation, the young girl (frequently not more than ten years of age) leaves the home of her childhood, *never to return*.

Arrived at the Palace Royal, she is transferred to another set of officers,* and after accomplishing what is termed a "seven days purification," she is presented to his serene majesty. On this occasion she is magnificently attired, decked with costly jewels, and adorned with fragrant flowers so arranged as to display her rounded limbs and graceful proportions to the best advantage. If she finds favor in the eyes of the royal bridegroom, she is thenceforth numbered among the "accepted wives," and sees her noble consort quite frequently. If, however, the whimsical taste of the royal libertine does not incline favorably toward the new candidate, she leaves his presence *never to meet him again*. Gently and kindly dismissed, it is true—but still *dismissed*, because not pleasing in his eyes, and as she retires, she doubtless feels rankling in her heart at that moment the anguish and mortification of a life time. She is not permitted to leave the palace, neither can she ever marry again, not even after the death of her royal consort—having been once made his wife, etiquette forbids her ever sharing the fortunes of another. But she is comfortably maintained, and well provided for to the close of her life, at the King's expense; has the same appropriations made for her comfort, the same spacious apartments, furnished with every luxury that heart can desire, the same gorgeous apparel and costly jewels, and the same number of attendants that minister to the wants of even the most favored. So that except herself, her royal consort, and two lords of the harem, none need ever know that she is not an "accepted wife." She mingles with her associates on terms of perfect equality, enjoys every external privilege that is open to them, and unless she herself reveal the secret, it is impossible for them by any means to be made aware of it. Each lady of the seraglio has her private suite of apartments, her own personal attendants, and maintains an entirely separate establishment, though all are within the harem walls, and none have connection whatever with the world beyond. Still they can hardly be supposed to pine for want of society, there being in the seraglio of the last King, as before stated, about six hundred wives with some ten or more private attendants to each, besides children, nurses, pages, cooks, waiters, and footmen, innumerable. Not a very sparse community! yet no larger a family than is usual, I believe, among the sovereigns of Siam. Nor is there, as one among us would naturally suppose, any feeling of rivalry or jealousy existing among these royal ladies. They are accustomed from infancy to regard polygamy as necessary and harmless, and they no more dream of complaining of a plurality of *wives*, than a child with us would consider himself aggrieved because his parents happened to have other children beside himself.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

* These officers of the seraglio are all either eunuchs or very old men.

URIM AND THUMMIM.

FROM THE DALECARLIAN CONJUROR'S DAY BOOK.

TRANSLATED BY MADAME DE CHATELAIN.

A rich miser having died without making a will, as he grudged spending any money in lawyer's fees, his property devolved to his next of kin, a cousin whom he seldom saw, and whom he cared for still less. The heir, a man of about forty, who had already run through one fortune, now took possession of the miser's estate with great inward satisfaction, which, however, he concealed under a decent show of mourning for the deceased.—Among the personal property left by the latter, there were odds and ends of all kinds, gathered throughout the course of a long life, and among other things a collection of minerals, which he had probably taken in exchange for some bad debt. The heir sentenced the whole collection to the hammer, with the exception of a couple of transparent stones, mounted in gold rims like a pair of spectacles, and labelled "Urim and Thummim," which he found in a little drawer of a cabinet, containing different mineralogical specimens. These spectacles he put by as an odd looking piece of antiquity, and not knowing the meaning of the name affixed to them, he asked many persons what the words Urim and Thummim were intended to convey? Nobody, however, could tell him, till at last he happened to apply to a curiosity dealer, a Jew, who informed him that these mystic words signified "lights and perfections," and were parts of the ornaments worn on the pectoral of the High Priest among the Hebrews, in former times.*

Having once ascertained this, the heir was much too busy with the pleasing cares and duties devolved upon him, in consequence of his altered fortune, to think any more of the Urim and Thummim for many months. He had purchased and fitted up a splendid mansion to live in; and being under the persuasion that gratitude, or at least the appearance of gratitude, is a gentlemanly sort of virtue that tells well, he had simultaneously erected a mansion for the dead—a splendid marble mausoleum, to wit—to cover his cousin's remains, and emblazon his questionable virtues in a pompous inscription, chronicling at the same time the fact of his having raised this tribute to "departed worth," as the lying tablet designated the sordid old miser.

At the end of eighteen months, the mausoleum was completed. It stood on an elevated knoll in the cemetery; and as its dazzling white marble stood out in relief on the background of dark yews that fringed the garden of some other rich dead man, (the heir had not thought of planting a garden round his cousin's grave, flowers being the fragile but tender memorials of real grief,) it looked majestic and grand, but cold as death itself, and not awakening any of those feelings that a simple mound, covered with violets, is apt to excite in the bosom of even an indifferent beholder.

Previously to showing the monument to his friends, the rich heir went to visit it, in company with the stonemason who had been entrusted with its erection, and who pointed out all its beauties with a parent's partiality, commenting on the beauty of the Carrara marble, by way of deprecating the large total of the bill, which he took this opportunity of presenting to his patron. The rich man scarcely glanced at its contents; and, saying he would send a check for the amount, nodded patronisingly to the stonemason, and walked away, to take a turn round the cemetery, which he had never visited before.

Presently, as he stood between two graves, surrounded by little gardens, he caught sight of a pretty vista of the distant landscape, through an opening in the shrubs, that formed a frame to the living picture; but being rather short sighted, and wishing to ascertain the nature of some object beyond his scope, he sought for his spy-glass to assist him, when he discovered he had left it at home. Just at that moment he recollected the Urim and Thummim, which had slept quietly in his pocket-book for so long a period; and, thinking that, as they were spectacles after all, they might assist him, he drew them forth and looked through them. The face of nature remained much the same as when seen by the naked eye; but, on casting his looks toward one of the graves beside him, he was startled to read—"This stone is consecrated by covering the dust of a sot and a gambler, who never benefitted any human being, and least of all his wife, whom I had the misfortune to be."

Then, on a second stone, close to the first, he read, with equal astonishment—"Here lies my second husband, who was no better than the first, and whom I buried under the same stone, both for economy, and to join like unto like."

In a state of utter bewilderment, the rich man glanced a little further on at the sumptuous monument to a public magistrate, and read—"Here lies one who has hung many a better man than himself."

Then his eye fell on the slab erected by a father over his son's remains, containing this astounding assertion—"It is well the scapegrace cheated the hangman by dying before he disgraced his respectable father."

Another tomb, erected by a sister to a departed sister, stated—"Now she is amongst angels, I'm no longer jealous of her beauty."

The rich heir thought he must be in pandemonium, or in a cemetery planned by lunatics, and instinctively removed the spectacles from his eyes, when the graves seemed all breathing of love and propriety; and he re-perused the corrected edition thus:—"Sacred to the memory of the most exemplary of men, who was the benefactor of the human kind, and the very best of husbands, to me, his loving wife!"

The inscription on the twin tombstone ran thus:—"Beneath the same stone lies my second husband, equally excellent with the first, whose remains I have mingled with his, that this plot of ground might contain all that was dear to me. Dust unto dust, and the good side by side with the good!"

On looking at the third grave, he read:—"Here lies the most equitable of judges!"

The fourth grave, too, belied its former assertion, saying, piously:—"He was too good for earth, and was removed to a better world, to the inexpressible grief of his loving father."

And lastly, the jealous sister spoke thus appropriately of her sainted sister:—"The fairest flower on earth has ceased to gladden our eyes, and become an angel in heaven!"

"What cursed hypocrites!" exclaimed the rich heir, indignantly. "Is it possible the living dare to desecrate God's acre by such lying, fawning epitaphs? But stay," added he, grasping at the papers in his pocket; "do those confounded spectacles only show up the falsehoods on tombstones?"

So saying, he glanced at the first paper he happened to open, which was the bill for the mausoleum, the last item in which was, "Fanciful extras, only charged to the ostentatious rich!" but on removing the Urim and Thummim, the same entry consisted of a number of technical words, perfectly plausible to the uninitiated.

"Ha, ha, master stonemason!" cried he, reddening with anger; "this item shall be struck out before we settle."

He next opened a letter from a young lady, of whom he was deeply enamored. Like most monied men, his favorite chimera was to be loved for his own sake. A mist almost floated before his eyes, as he sought one of the most tender passages of her epistle; then the mist cleared away, and through those uncompromising spectacles, he read, "I accept your house, and grounds, and pin-money in marriage, and will cherish them most fondly."

"Death and fury!" exclaimed he, tearing up the letter into shreds; "what a world is this we live in!"

And then he rushed rather than walked towards the mausoleum he had raised to his departed cousin, where he read on the tablet:—"To the memory of a miser who does not deserve to be remembered, the only beneficent act of whose life was his death, which caused his property, that he would fain have taken with him, to devolve to his cousin, who erected this monument to his own vanity."

"How dared the stonemason not only cheat me in his bill, but expose to the world—" began the indignant heir, when taking off the spectacles, he found the inscription had resumed its former demure character. "Ay—it's all right now again," added he. "These confounded spectacles nearly put me out of conceit with the world."

And so saying, he flung away the Urim and Thummim, far away down the hill, where they became embedded in the clayey soil; and left the cemetery, without owning to himself that he was quite as great a hypocrite as those he had censured through the aid of those spectacles of truth.

* It was said to be by the aid of Urim and Thummim that the would-be Prophet of the Mormons read the apocryphal Bible of his sect, written in some unknown tongue.

INVENTION OF THE MICROSCOPE.—The North British Review, in an article on the microscope, says that, as in all great inventions, that of the microscope can hardly be ascribed to any single individual. No person, indeed, has claimed to be the inventor of the single microscope; and, though the pretensions of two Dutchmen and two Italians to the invention of the compound microscope have been urged by their respective countrymen, it is not easy to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion on the subject. The Dutch claim the invention of spectacles for Cornelius Drebell, of Alkmaar, who resided in London, as mathematician to James VI. Fontana, an Italian, made the same claim for himself; while Viviani, the pupil of Galileo, ascribed the invention to his master.

COLONEL BENTON AND THE SCRIPTURES.—The old Colonel was asked, the other day, to take a cracker and a glass of wine at the house of a friend.

"Unleavened bread, sir," said the Colonel. "Sir, unleavened bread, sir; the word cracker is not to be found either in the Scriptures or in any of my works. It is unleavened bread, sir, from *Levoleware*, Latin, to lift or raise, sir, and is not and the Saxon *brad*, baked meal, sir; signifying a species of bread that has not been raised, sir. Yes, sir, thank you, sir. I will have one or two pieces, sir, of unleavened bread, sir, and, sir, a glass of wine, sir, and should be honored if any *woman* here will take a glass of wine with me."—*N. O. Picayune.*

THEE nor carketh care nor slander,
Let them rave!
Light and shadow ever wander
O'er the green that folds thy grave—
Let them rave! —*Tennyson.*

☞ One man asked another why his beard was brown and his hair white? "Because," he said, "one is twenty years younger than the other."

☞ A conceited fellow, in introducing his friend into company, said, "I assure you he is not so great a fool as he seems." The gentleman immediately replied, "That is exactly the difference between my friend and myself."

RELIGION, to be sacred, must be free;
Men will suspect—where bigots keep the key.

☞ A horse dealer, describing a used-up horse, said he looked "as if he had been editing a daily newspaper!"

☞ Crime is progressive, and its insidious approaches should be carefully watched, and resisted at the very threshold. There are no compromises to be made with it. There is no safety save in entire and complete non-intercourse with it, in all its alluring phases.

BELIEVE me, man, there is no greater bliss
Than is the quiet joys of lovinge wife,
Which, whose wants, half of himselfe doth misse,
Friend without change, playfellow without strife,
Food without surfeit, counsel without pride,
Is this *sweet doubling of our single life!*
—*Sir Philip Sydney.*

☞ Mr. Kenny, the popular dramatist, in drinking a glass of wine, inadvertently swallowed a substance which nearly choked him. A friend seeing his distress, anxious to proclaim to his companions the sad state of the case, exclaimed, "It is a cork gone the wrong way!" "I don't know whether it is the way to Cork," said a wag who was present, "but it seems a very likely way to kill Kenny."

LONDON.

"A mighty mass of brick, and smoke, and shipping,
Dirty and dusky, but as wide as eye
Can reach; with here and there a sail just skipping
In sight, then lost amid the forestry
Of masts; a wilderness of steeples peeping,
On tiptoe, through their sea-coal canopy;
A huge dun cupola, like a fool's cap crown
On a fool's head;—and there is London town."

☞ The Prussians have a wise maxim, that whatever you would have appear in a nation's life, you must put in its schools.

☞ The Hindoos are promised a thousand years in Paradise for every hair of the head or beard they part with. An inducement that for shaving!

THE FIDDLING CANDIDATE.

"Insure me a brass band, and I'll insure your election," was the musical reply of a "wire-worker," to a question from an aspiring political candidate, as to the proper means to secure his election. And so widely, during the last election, was music called in to aid oratory, that his answer serves as a good endorsement to the poet's note that

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,"

and attracti.ns to—"go to the polls and vote early."

The forty-horse power of music on elections being thus settled by common consent, leads us to believe that "too much credit cannot be awarded" (style of expression sanctioned by usage!) to the Kentuckian who faced his political opponent's music as follows:—

"Both were candidates for the office of Governor of Kentucky, and "stumped" the State together quite harmoniously, until they reached one of the counties in the "hill country." Here it was necessary to make a decided demonstration, and accordingly the two candidates fairly spread themselves to catch all the votes possible—soaring up the American eagle, and calling down the shade of Washington; pitching out profuse promises, and pitching into each other's party politics, in a manner decidedly refreshing to their hearers. On the first day's canvass, victory hung suspended by the tail feathers over the rival forces, but the second day fell slap into the lap of the shortest and stoutest candidate, who, we may premise here, was left-handed, leaving his long and lean opponent "no kind of a show." In vain the long man pumped up the waters of eloquence and poured out a full stream; there was nobody to drink. But round the short man elbowed and crowded a mass of thirsty voters, drinking in his tones with delight. Why this attraction? Had he a barrel of old Bourbon? No; he had a fiddle! Getting the start of long man, he had addressed the voters in a short speech, and then, for the first time, bringing out a fiddle, retired a short distance from the speaker's stand, in order to let his opponent reply, playing, however, such lively airs, that he soon drew the entire assemblage away, and left the other side of the question unattended to, unheard.

For three days in succession short man and the fiddle carried the day, in three successive mass meetings, in as many towns in the hill country, and long man's chances for a single vote in those parts grew remarkably slim. In vain a long consultation was held by the latter with his political friends.

"Get the start of him at the next meeting and speak first," advised one.

"Raise a fiddle and play them choones!" said another.

"Yell him down," shouted a third.

The long man followed the advice of his first counsellor, and got the start in voice, but the noise of the fiddle run him neck and neck; he would have listened to his second monitor and raised a fiddle, only he knew it would fall through, as he couldn't scrape a note; and as for his third adviser, he told him that "yelling down" short man was "simply ridiculous."

Affairs grew desperate with long man, when, on the third meeting, he saw, as usual, the entire crowd of voters sweeping off after short man and his fiddle, leaving only one hearer, and he a lame one, who was just about to hobble off after the others.

"Can it be possible that freemen—citizens of this great and glorious country—neglecting the vital interests of their land, will run like wild men after cat-gut strings? Can it be possible, I say?" And the lame man, to whom long man was thus eloquently discoursing, answered, as he, too, cleared out—

"Well it can, old hoss!"

Despair encamped in the long man's face, as he watched the short man, at a distance, playing away for dear life and the Gubernatorial chair, on that "blasted" old fiddle, but and denly a ray of hope beamed over his "rueful visage." then another, and another ray, till it shone like the sun at midday.

"Got him now, sure!" fairly shouted the long man, as he threw up his arms, jumped from the stand, and started for the tavern, where he at once called a meeting of his political friends, consisting of the landlord and one other, then and there unfolding a plan which was to drive his rival "nowheres in no time."

The fourth meeting was held. Short man addressed the crowd with warmth, eloquence and brevity, vacating the stand for his adversary, and striking up a lively air on the violin, in order to quash his proceedings; but, though as usual, he carried the audience away, he noticed that they were as critical as numerous. One six-footer, in home-spun, walnut-dyed clothes, with wild looking eyes, and a coon-skin cap, eyed every movement of the fiddle-bow with intense disgust, finding utterance at last, in—

"Why don't you fiddle with that t'other hand o' yourn?"

"T'other hand!" shouted a chorus of voices. "Fire up with that t'other hand!" Faster played the short man, but louder and louder shouted the crowd, "T'other hand, t'other hand!"

"Gentlemen, I assure you—"

"No more honey, old hoss We ain't b'ars!" shouted the man with the coon-skin cap!

"T'other hand, t'other hand!" yelled the crowd; while even from the distant stand where the long man was holding forth "to next to nobody" for listeners, seemed to come a faint echo, "T'other hand, t'other hand!"

Short man began to be elbowed, crowded, pushed; in vain he tried to draw the bow; at one time his bow-arm was sent up to the shoulder over the bridge, at another, down went the fiddle, until he shouted out—

"Gentlemen, what can I do but assure you that—"

"T'other hand!" roared coon skin, shouldering his way face up to the short man, "we've heard about you! You fiddle down thar in that darned Blue grass country, 'mong rich folks, with your right hand, and thenk when you git up in the hills 'mong pore folks, left hand fiddlin's good enuf for them; you've cussedly missed it! Left-hand doins wont run up hyar; tote out your right, stranger, or look out for squalls!"

The short man looked out for squalls, threw down the fiddle and the bow, oh! oh!—jumped on his horse and put a straight horse-tail between him and his enraged "fellow citizens."

"It's a fact," says the long man, "my opponent's being left-handed, rather told against him up in the hill country, and whoever circulated the story up there, that he always fiddled with his right hand down in the Blue-grass country, headed off his music for that campaign."

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

OFFICE OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, April 6, 1857.

Breadstuffs have been inactive; but at the close, holders are firmer. The Provision Market is quiet. Coffee is dull. The Sugar and Molasses are more active. Cotton market firm. Dark ice in good demand. Nothing doing in Coal. Holders of Iron are demanding full rates.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—600 bbls have found buyers, for export, at $6 for good straight brands, $6@6.25 for common and good extra, and $6,50@6,75 for extra family and fancy lots, as to quality—common mixed and straight brands, taken in the forepart of the week, at $5,75@5,87½ bbl; but our lowest figures are now generally refused for standard superfine, and $5@6 asked, the latter for straight brands. For home use the demand has also been limited, within the range of $5,25@5,50 for common mixed and good brands, $5@6,50 for extra, and $6,50@7,25 ₱ bbl for extra family and fancy brands. Rye Flour continues in request at $4 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is dull. Penna. sells at $3,12½@3,25, mostly at about $3,25 ₱ bbl.

Grain—Prices of Wheat are about the same as last week, but the sales were made ½¢ ₱ bushel better, and Prime lots very scarce. Penna. and Southern at $1,40@1,45 for reds, and $1,50@1,60 for white, in store and afloat. Rye has met with a steady demand at 82c. Corn—Sales some 60,000 bushels, mostly prime new Southern Yellow, at 61c afloat, and Pennsylvania in store at 62½@63c, the market closing firm. Oats—Sales of Jerseys at 46@47c for prime, and 45c for Southern. Barley is scarce, and a further advance; several sales of Barley Malt have been made at $1,70@2.

PROVISIONS.—There has been very little movement in the market. Mess Pork is selling at $23@24, and City Mess for last $19@19,50. Sugar cured Hams, Shoulders and Fancy Hams, 10@10½c for Shoulders, and 12@12½c for Sides, the latter to go South. Green Meats are dull at 11@12c for Hams, in salt and pickle, 9@9½c for Shoulders, and 11@11½c for Sides, in salt, including some lots taken on terms not made public. Lard is scarce at 12½c for prime Western, in bbls, and tierces, and 13c for kegs; irregular pkgs, sell at less. Butter is dull and declined at 16@17c for roll; 18c for Gilt for prime, and 15c for solid. Cheese scarce at full prices.

GROCERIES.—Sales only reach about 2000 bags Coffee at 11@11½c for Rio; 13c for Laguayra; 13@13½c for Maracaibo, and 13@15c for Java.

Molasses—Sales of some 600 hhds Cuba at 41@43c for clayed, and 46@47c for Muscovado, on time, and 100 bbls New Orleans on terms not made public.

Sugar—Some 850 hhds have been disposed of at 9¼@10c for English Island, 9¼@10c for Cuba, and 10@11c for Porto Rico.

COTTON—The sales in all only reach some 1200 bales, at 13@13½c for Uplands, and 14@15c for Gulfs.

COPPER—Small sales of English Sheathing at 33½c, and Yellow Metal at 23½ ₱ lb, 6 mos.

ASHES—The market for both Pots and Pearls is firm, with a moderate business.

BARK—About 150 hhds Quercitron have been taken for shipment, at equal to $30 for 1st No 1. There is no Tanne Bark offering.

BEESWAX—Is inquired for at 27½@28c ₱ lb.

COAL.—Orders come in slowly, and the market continues unsettled, with a very limited business.

FISH—Supplies of Mackerel come forward slowly, prices are firmer. Sales in lots from store at $12 for medium No 1's; $10 for No 2's, and $8,50@9 for No 3's. Salt continues scarce and high. Herring are plenty, at $4@4½, in lots from store. Dry Cod is selling at 5½c in the bay.

FRUIT—Sicily Oranges and Lemons at $3@3½ per box; and $2@2½ ₱ box for the latter. Raisins are advancing. Domestic fruit sells moderately at 8c.@9c. Apples, 6@7c ₱ lb for unpared Peaches, Green Apples up to $5 ₱ bbl, and Cranberries from $10 to $14.

GINSENG—Nothing doing in either crude or clarified.

GUANO—The demand is increasing, but prices are unchanged.

HEMP—The market is firm, but the want of stock limits operations.

HIDES—Quotations are fully sustained, and firm; 500 Ayres and Rio Grande 30@35c; Brazil, B, 32@33c; La Guayra and Caracas, 34@35c; City Slaughter, salted, 12@13c; Dead, Green Calcutta Kips, $1,12½@1,25; Buenos Ayres, Patna, $1,75@2.

HOPS—Continue in good demand at 7@8c for New, and 11@13c for Western.

IRON—Stocks generally are light, and holders firm in their views. Sales of some 600 tons Anthracite at $27 for No 1, and $23 for No 2. Blooms have been sold at $30, all six months. Scotch Pig is scarce, Holders asking $28@30 ₱ ton, on time. In manufactured Iron there is a fair business to notice.

LEAD—The want of stock checks the demand, and about 500 pigs Virginia only have been disposed of on terms not made public.

LUMBER—There is very little arriving or selling. South and Yellow Pine Boards bring $14@15 ₱ M.

NAVAL STORES.—Fine Rosin continues scarce at full rates. No change in Tar and Pitch. Spirits of Turpentine is selling moderately at 41@42c ₱ gallon, cash and time.

OILS—Sales at 82@85c. Lard Oil is firm at $1,13 for Winter. Sperm and Whale are selling in lots at fully former rates, and the demand is increasing.

PLASTER—There has been little or none arriving, and nothing doing.

RICE remains quiet at 4½@5c ₱ lb for prime.

SEEDS—Since 600 bush Cloverseed have been disposed of at $7,40@8,50, closing dull at $8,25 ₱ bush, which establishes a decline. Timothy is dull at $3,25@4,75 ₱ bush. Flaxseed is scarce, and American is quoted at $1 80@1,90 ₱ bushel. Canary Seed is quoted at $4@4,25 ₱ bush.

SPIRITS—N. E. Rum is scarce at 42@43c, the latter for pure. Whiskey is dull at 27@27½c for Eastern, 27@28½ cts for Prison bbls, and 25@26 for Ohio.

TOBACCO—The market continues very firm, and there is a steady demand for both Leaf and Manufactured.

TEAS continue on the advance, with an active [illegible] of all kinds.

TALLOW is quiet, and City Rendered sells at 9½c ₱ lb, and 10c for Country.

WOOL—The week's sales have been 250,000 lbs Domestic and pulled at full prices.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET APRIL 6.

200 head of Cattle in market at Wardell's Avenue Drove Yard, sold as follows:—50 head Dauphin and Cumberland cattle, sold by Isaac Abrahams prices from $11,25 to $12 ₱ 100 lbs: 63 head Lancaster county, by Adam Reidenbach, at same price: 130 head by different owners, prices ranging from $10 to $11,50 ₱ 100 lbs; market brisk. 4000 Sheep arrived during the week, prices ranging from 11 to 14c, dressed. 50 Cows and Calves; prices from $30 to $56 for Fresh Cows, and from $28 to $30 for Dry Cows: market dull. 50 Hogs arrived; sold at $10 ₱ 100 lbs; scarce at this price. 150 Horses arrived, and are here at present for sale consisting of good draught and driving horses.

NEW YORK MARKET.

April 5.—Flour is quiet; 5000 bbls sold. Ohio has declined, and Southern 5c. Wheat is heavy; 6000 bus sold; has declined 2@3 cents at 161. Corn heavy; 20,000 bus white has declined 1c and yellow 2. Provisions heavy; Pork has declined 50c.

April 4.—FLOUR.—The market, for State and Western Flour, under the unfavorable advices per the Canada, is almost nominal. 400 bbl, sold with but a moderate amount of 5000 bbls, at $5,60@5,70 for common to good State, $7@7,25 for extra Genesee. In Southern Flour there is little business doing, and prices are easier; sales of 500 bbls, at $5,15@5,40 for mixed to good brands, and 5,45 for favorite fancy and extra do. Wheat is in good demand and moderate. Included in the transactions to-day were 3,500 bus, at $1,35@1,41 for Southern White, and $1,40@1,47 for Red do. Since the receipt of the foreign news Corn has 2@3c lower, with sales of 27,000 bus, at 80 for mixed Western, 81@83 for new Southern White and Yellow, and 71@75 for old White do.

PROVISIONS—Pork is 10@25c ₱ bbl better at the close, but at the opening was lower, and afterwards recovered. Sales of 200 bbls, at $21,50 for new mess, and $18,25@19,50 for prime. Beef firm and unchanged; sales of 300 bbls. Lard firm, but dull; sales of 350 bbls, at 14@14¼. Butter unchanged. Whiskey firm at 27c; sales of 400 bbls.

COTTON—The Asia's news has had a quieting influence upon the market, though no important change has been effected. The sales are 1500 bales. We continue quotations.

NEW YORK CLASSIFICATION.

	Uplands.	Florida.	Mobile.	N. O. & T.
Ordinary,	12½	12½	12½	12½
Middling,	14½	14½	14½	14½
Middling Fair,	14½	14½	15	15
Fair,	15	15	15½	15½

HOPS—Holders are firm, the demand fair; sales of 100 bs Western at 8c. We quote at 7@8c for common to fair, and 9@12c for good to choice quality. Old are steady; sales of 60 bales, part at 4½c, and part on private terms.

COFFEE.—All sorts are dull and appear heavy; the stock of Rio is 50,000 bags; the sales are 150 bags Laguayra at 12, and 50 bags Rio at 10½c.

SUGARS—The feeling continues good, and as active business is doing; Refined have further advanced ¼c, and are firm; the sales are 150 hhds Molasds at 7½c; 1350 hhds Cuba Muscovado at 9@10c, and a few Porto Rico at 10½c. Also 1000 bags Havana at 10@10½; and 1000 boxes boarded Thursday, for Boston, at previous prices.

MOLASSES—Is firm, and a moderate demand prevails; sales of 150 hhds Cuba Muscovado, part at 51c.

HIDES—A little more is doing, and prices show no change. Sales of 4000 Rio Grande, at 26c, to arrive; 1400 do from second hands, same price; and 851 Texas, on private terms.

LEATHER—Hemlock and Oak are firm, and a moderate business is doing, at former prices.

WHISKEY—The market is quite steady for this article; sales of 300 bbls at 27c for Ohio and Prime.

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY
R. B. JONES, EXCHANGE HOTEL,
No. 71 Dock Street.

MEATS.

Beef.		Whole carcass	
Roasting rib ₱ lb	14@20	Veal.	
Sirloin steak	14@17	Fore quarter, ₱ lb	
Rump do	13@13	Hind do	
Chuck pieces	8@13½	Chop	
Plates and navels,		Cutlet	
Corned	8@10	Sweetbread, each	
Tongues, fresh,	45@55	Pork.	
Tongues, smoked,	31½@37½	Young Pigs,	@1 25@1 75
Shin	35@40	Salt and Dried ₱ lb	10@1
Kidney	3@12½	Feet, ₱ set	12½@1
Liver ₱ lb	6½	Trips, ₱ lb	4@6
Dried Beef ₱ lb	20	Lard do	12@12½
Lamb.		Hams, smoked	12½@1
Fore quarter	75@87½	Bologna Sausage	10@1
Hind do	1 00@1 12½	Fresh Sausage ₱ lb	14@1
Chop ₱ lb	8@—	Puddings ₱ lb	10@
Calves' Head, each	25@31	Scrapple ₱ lb	8@
Mutton.		Spare Rib ₱ lb	
Leg, Loin, Cap, ₱ lb	8@10	Tender Loin ₱ lb	12@
Breast and Neck	6@8	Hogshead Cheese lb	
Young Lamb, whole	@3,50		

VEGETABLES

Turnips bkt	12½@20	Corn potatoes bu	90@—
do hf pk	6@8	do nkt	37½
Beets bunch

NEWS ITEMS.

THE London Medical Times notices a case of poisoning at Tully, Ireland, from having eaten salt horse mackerel. A father, mother, and three daughters were the victims. The verdict of the Coroner a jury was, "Died by the visitation of God, after eating some horse mackerel, which was not properly cured."

HALLUCINATION ACCOUNTED FOR.—It is currently reported that Arrowsmith, who hoaxed the London Times, with the Georgia revolver story, is in the habit of using opium. This will account for the "milk in the cocoa-nut."

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.—A quibbling writer of the last century, quaintly observes, that when the cannons of princes began to war, the canons of the church were destroyed. "It was," says he, "first *nitrum* that governed the world, and then *nitrum*—first *St. Peter*, and then *Saltpetre*."

THE MASSACHUSETTS House of Representatives have refused by eighty three majority to repeal the law of 1855 establishing the right of juries to judge of the law in criminal cases.

A WITTY HOOSIER.—Our country friends usually get a good deal of fun out of their election of hogreeves, at their annual town meetings. But they got more than they asked for when they chose one Mr. Snote to that office—who got up and exclaimed:—

"The wisdom of this town must be confessed—
They choose one *Snote* to govern all the rest!"

—*Boston Post.*

THE Washington correspondent of the Exeter ews Letter says that Gen. Pierce has had the good sense to avoid extravagance in the Presidential mansion during his term of office, and the consequence is, he retires with one-half his four years' salary in his pocket—a sufficient to make him comfortable for many a "wet day," to protect him from the disagreeable necessity of depending upon the "uncertainties of the for his daily bread.

A LOG ROLLING EXTRAORDINARY.—A pine log being fourteen tons was drawn from Bethlehem, New Hampshire, a short time since, to Lisbon Depot, from whence it was forwarded to Lowell. The event was celebrated by a procession of the lumbermen, followed by a long line of horses and oxen. Hundreds gathered to the show, and the novel affair was closed with a dinner and oyster supper.

WOOL-GROWING IN THE SOUTH.—A gentleman who has been engaged in the wool-growing business in Tennessee, and who has recently travelled Northern America, informs the Mobile Tribune that the raising of sheep in that State would be more profitable than the culture of cotton. Thousands of acres, fit for nothing else but sheep pastures, could be had for 12½ cents per acre.

A FEMALE BRIGAND.—A few weeks since the Greek troops, on the frontier of Thessaly, wounded and captured a young lobber of remarkably effeminate appearance. On being taken to the hospital, the robber proved to be a Christian girl, who two years before had been carried off from her family by the Turks. The unfortunate girl, who was armed with pistols, gun, and yataghan, had, during the two years of her captivity, been obliged to share in all the professional enterprises of the robbers.

THE instructions to the new Governor of Kansas are to recognize and enforce all the statutes of the Legislature, especially in reference to the organization of a State government.

A TREATY of confederation and alliance, offensive and defensive, has been concluded between Mexico, the Central American States, Colombia, New Grenada and Peru, against Spain and for mutual safety. A general Congress of Representatives of the South American States, to perfect the union, is to assemble at Lima.

TEACHERS FOR THE WEST.—Governor Slade's New England Society to provide teachers for the West, has sent out thither 452 female teachers, of whom 170 have returned, nearly all having taught two years, 146 married, and 24 died.

THE WAR IN CHINA.—The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Sun writes as follows:

The war with China, lately commenced by Great Britain, was not an unexpected event, but connected with a policy which the British Government had adopted as far back as 1840. Then our Minister in China, Mr. Hamilton Cushall, predicted, in his despatches, that every land' would become the prey of Great Britain on one side and Russia on the other. The immediate cause of the commencement of the war in so vigorous a manner, by the bombardment of Canton, is not to be found, as Lord John Russell has shown, in the affair of the Lorcha, which was a mere pretext."

At a Democratic meeting held in St. Louis, on April 3rd, Mr. Huntington, the editor of the St. Louis Leader, read a letter from Colonel Benton, in which that gentleman denounced and repudiated the emancipation movement in that State.

THE CHINA CONSUL.—A report from Washington says that Commissioner Parker is instructed to remove Mr. Keenan, Consul at Hong Kong, if he shall ascertain the truth of the charge that Mr. Keenan carried the American flag at the head of the forces in the attack on Canton.

A HORSE recently travelled from Albany to Whitehoro—100 miles—on a wager, in twelve hours and twenty-two minutes—walking eleven miles of the distance. It is said to be the best time on record. The roads were in bad condition, and sometimes obstructed by snow drifts.

WILD MAN IN THE WEST.—A St. Joseph's correspondent of the St. Louis Republican, tells the following story:—

"A wild man was caught last week, and brought to town. He was surrounded in a sort of lair beneath a dense cluster of undergrowth, like the habitation of a wild beast, and filled with the bones and skins of cats, which seemed to have constituted his principal article of food. For this strange diet he has a peculiar penchant, and eschewed almost every other. He hunted cats with an avidity prompted by an extreme voracity, and it was in the pursuit and slaughter of these animals that he was first discovered. Frequent attempts were made to capture him, but his agility and speed were such that he appeared to run upon the tops of the bushes, as fences offered no impediment to his headlong course. At length a great number surrounded and secured him. He attempted battle, but was overcome. When brought to the Court house he presented the strangest appearance conceivable. His height was about five and a half feet; his hair long, reddish brown, and matted; his eyes large, gray and fearless; his finger nails as long as the claws of a tiger; his deportment crouching—half timid, half threatening—and his garments consisted of a thousand tatters of cloths, barks, cat skins, &c., bound together by cat-guts. He said he was from the State of New York, and had been in the woods thirty six years. While he was being examined, and was permitted to stand unbound, he made a sudden spring over the heads of those who surrounded him, and darted away with the speed of the reindeer. The crowd pursued him, but in vain. Over the hills he fairly flew, before both footmen and horsemen, until he was fairly lost to them. Nothing since has been heard of him.

"He is certainly a strange being, and is literally a wild man. His age can hardly exceed forty, although he has lived so much away from the society of man, that he has nearly forgotten his native tongue, and has the most vague recollections. He remembered New York, but did not know where he was, or the form of Government under which he lived."

APRIL FOOLERY.—A very foolish story started in Washington on the 1st of April, that the National Hotel sickness was caused by poisoned tea, has actually put it into some people's heads in New York, that the Chinese are putting arsenic in their tea chests, in order to pay off the English and American "devils" for their attack upon Canton. The consequence is, there is a very general abstinence from Souchong, Pekoe, and Gunpowder, to the great mortification of the tea merchants in that city, who have been buying up recently arrived cargoes at high

FOREIGN NEWS.

The intelligence from China is to the 30th of January. Admiral Seymour is waiting for reinforcements. The Emperor of China has ordered that hostilities against the British shall be confined to Canton. Governor Yeh seems favorable to American interests, and has had some communication with Minister Parker. It appears that a large portion of the city of Canton, both within and without the walls, has been destroyed.

The British seem determined to open Japan as well as China. They have had a conflict with the Japanese, and forced their way into the port of Nagasaki. One of the ships, a steamer, broke the chain across the entrance. Although the town is well fortified on the side of the sea the Japanese authorities did not resort to force to repel the two English vessels.

A French version of the poisoning cases of Hong Kong, states that the baker and three of his accomplices had been tried by a council of war, condemned to death, and shot. A private letter from a French naval officer, serving in the Chinese squadron, says that many of the Europeans who partook of the poisoned bread, at Hong Kong, lost their teeth, their nails, and even the hair of their heads. A Russian captain had been attacked with opthalmia, and his sight is despaired of. About 400 persons were more or less poisoned.

The British Parliament was formally dissolved on the 21st ult.

The convention for the abolition of the Danish Sound Dues has been signed by all the Powers concerned in it.

Ferouk Khan, the Persian Ambassador, now in London, had a long conference with the American Minister at Paris, before leaving that city.

The Russian Government is augmenting its maritime strength—building gun-boats and screw frigates.

The Imaum of Muscat is dead.

Austria is on the point of breaking off diplomatic relations with Sardinia, and the Sardinian Chamber of Deputies has voted, by 103 to 14, the considerable sum of five millions of francs, to put the fortifications of Alessandria into an immediate state of defence.

The King of Prussia proposes to settle the Neufchatel question on the following terms:—The King renounces his rights on the Canton, on condition of reserving to the Prussian crown the title of Prince attached to Neufchatel. He requires the enjoyment of four years of the revenue of his ancient domain in the Canton; they amount annually to one hundred thousand francs; and it is presumed that his Majesty claims them in order to indemnify his Swiss partisans for their sacrifices in his behalf. The King also requires an amnesty in their favor, for all they have done since 1848. The maintenance of the municipalities being incompatible with the new order of things, the King consents to renounce them, but wishes their charitable establishments to be preserved. It is thought that Switzerland will raise objections to the title of Prince of Neufchatel.

Dr. Vogel, an African explorer, is said to have been murdered by the natives while journeying Eastward from Kuka to the Nile.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, the English poet, well known for his enthusiastic love of liberty, and more recently notable by his bequest of a sum of money for the support of the family of any Neapolitan who would "assert the dignity and perform the duty of tyrannicide" on King Bomba, has been banished from Florence, Italy, where he had been residing. The occasion for his banishment was this: He had a difficulty with some servants, and went to law. The decision was adverse to him. Landor considered himself unjustly treated, and at the next court went in, and, laying a bag of dollars down before the judge, said, "I am informed that justice is sold in this place. I want some. Here's the money—how much do you ask?" For this bitter and brilliant sally he has been ordered to leave the country. His family still remain in a villa at Fiesole.

NEWS FROM NICARAGUA.—Walker is said to have attacked the allies at San George and retreated to Rivas, where Gen. Henningsen and his men had meantime repulsed an attack made by the allies. The latter were met retreating by Walker, and being thus placed between two fires, suffered a loss of 327 killed and 300 wounded, while Walker lost 2 killed and 21 wounded. There were reports that President Rivas had been assassinated, General Canas arrested for making overtures to Walker, the allies retreated to Massaya, General Chillen had raised a force in Leon to join Walker, Col. Lockridge had received reinforcements, and that the Costa Ricans had opened the transit route to the English.

THE RHODE ISLAND ELECTION on the 1st inst. resulted in the success of the American Republicans. Dyer (Republican) was elected Governor by a vote of 9,621 over 5,123 for Potter (Democrat.) The vote for Lieut. Governor was: Turner, Republican, 5,047; Mason, American, 3 339; Hall, Democrat, 4,652. There was therefore no election by the people. Turner, the Republican candidate will be elected by the Assembly. The State Senate will be composed of 26 Republicans, 5 Democrats, and no choice in two districts. In the House the Republicans will have 61, and the Democrats 8. In two districts there was no choice. Durfee and Brayton (Amer. Repub.) were elected to Congress.

HOOPS SAVED HER!—As the steamer Commonwealth came along side the wharf at New London, Connecticut, on Friday night, on the passage from Norwich to New York, a lady walked overboard, and would have been drowned but for the hoops in her dress, which rendered the same somewhat balloonish, and withal answered the purpose of a more complicated life preserver. The night was very dark, and it was nearly half an hour before she could be extracted from her perilous situation, during which time the hoops were sufficiently strong to buoy her up and prevent her from sinking.

THE COMET.—The predicted comet, or some other eccentric visitant, is now to be seen through a telescope a few degrees east of the star Andromeda, moving southward, and will soon be visible to the naked eye. Its position has been calculated in several of our cities, and it is generally supposed to be the same as was last seen during the reign of Charles V.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 213—Adults 89, and children 124.

SIX VESSELS were wrecked and fifteen lives lost, during a gale on Lake Michigan, on April 1st.

A STRANGE USE OF BRACELETS.—The Countess of Castiglione made a sensation at one of the Emperor Napoleon's recent *soirees*, by appearing with her robe looped up at the side, so as to expose her symmetrical limbs almost to the knees, and displaying the neatly turned ankles which were clasped with magnificent bracelets. The robe and corsage were of cloth of silver, the latter perfectly tight and considerably low in the bosom, with extremely short sleeves, and no ornament or trimming, whatever, but a large diamond heart; the former displaying an under skirt looped up at one side. On the head, five diamond hearts were held together by an arrow transpiercing them, and a flowing veil completed the costume. It seems as though the free and easy days of the old Napoleonic dynasty were returning.

☞ Swift, who reasoned upon the folly of the dread of death, sums up thus:—"It is impossible that anything so natural, so necessary, and so universal as death, should ever have been designed by Providence as an evil to mankind."

☞ "Man's Unhappiness, I take it," says Carlyle, "comes of his Greatness."

CAMPHOR AND STRYCHNINE.—Two or three cases of death by poison in the form of strychnine, have been reported in the newspapers during the past month. Dr. Wilson, a medical gentleman, writing to the London Times, mentions camphor as a cure for strychnine—taken internally, in the usual manner, or, even after locked-jaw has commenced, by injections accompanied by camphor baths. This antidote is nearly as common as the perverse ingenuity of men can render strychnine, and therefore we record the statement, which is supported by references to two cases. The poison has been considered hitherto desperate, and any of the chemists might tell the world whether camphor possesses this neutralizing power. We do not believe in the existence of any poison that cannot be neutralized by opposing productions; and the profession have not exhibited that industrious research that might have been expected among many thousand learned men, in leaving their patients no chance whatever in many cases, except the stomach-pump.

☞ Marshal Turenne, speaking of a stupid and cowardly officer, observed that of the faculties of the human mind, Captain Beaujour possessed but one, and that was *apprehension*.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 and 16 Ann Street, New York.
BURNHAM, FEDERHEN & Co., Boston, Mass.
MILTON BOULEMET, Mobile, Ala.
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S. W. PEASE & Co, 21 West Sixth Street, Cincinnati.
ELI ADAMS, Davenport, Iowa.
SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Connecticut.
E. SEMON, Richmond, Virginia.
A. GUNTER, No. 92 Third St., Louisville, Ky.

FIFTY YEARS HENCE.—Bishop Clark, in a recent lecture on this subject, said, "Fifty years hence, the newly-married pair will step into an emporium for the sale of banners, look over the patterns, select one to suit their tastes and means, order it, and it will be sent home in the morning, put together, and occupied at night; but fifty years hence they will find no better garments than those now sold by Rockhill & Wilson, at the Brown Stone Clothing Hall, Nos. 605 and 607 Chestnut St., Philadelphia."

CULPABLE NEGLIGENCE.—Wasn't satisfied that in most cases where coughs end in Consumption, a timely resort to some prompt remedy, like Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, would have saved the life and health of the patient.

☞ EMPLOYMENT FOR THE YEAR.—Persons out of employment may find that which is both profitable and pleasant by addressing ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, 181 William Street, New York. nov29-tf

HOOPS!—
"Roll on, ye monstrous whalebone hoops—roll on!
"Ten thousand squibs are launched at you in vain.
"Man marks the world in his regardless course,
"But cannot bound the Hoopers' laugh to scorn
"Jokes, punsters, clergymen, the press, and all.
"And when they die at last, as die they must,
"'Twill be because they're gone the appointed round;
"Even as the spheres who circle in their course,
"*Or man* is apter of beaute as clothes,
"Equinox, to dress like other folks—
"To the *Infant Reading Stage*" (Graeville Stokes,
"No. 209 Chestnut St., Philada."

ROOT GALLERY.—Sun-lit Crayons, a new wonder, superior to Ambrotypes, taken by Cook only, corner of Fifth and Chestnut, Philadelphia. oct11-tf

FINE, beautiful Hair—jet black or brown—
Or tresses curling and golden
Is the certain result—without chance or doubt—
Of the use of LYON'S KATHAIRON.

The immense sale of LYON'S KATHAIRON—nearly 1,000,000 bottles per year—attests its excellence and universal popularity. The Indian universally pronounce it the finest and most agreeable article ever used. It restores the Hair after it has fallen out—invigorates and beautifies it, making it soft, curly and glossy—cleanses it from all scurf and dandruff—and imparts to it a delightful perfume. Sold by all dealers, everywhere, for 25 cents per bottle.

Beware of counterfeits. HEATH, WYETH & Co., Proprietors and Manufacturers of Perfumery of all kinds, 63 Liberty St., New York. apr4-tf

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.—A retired clergyman, restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is anxious to make known the means of cure. Will send (free) the prescription used. Direct the Rev. John M. Dagnall, No. 59 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N.Y. tf

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 24th of August, 1856, by the Rev. Wm. O. Johnson, Mr. JAMES GARRISON, to Miss ELLEN M. daughter of David Cramer, Esq. both of this city.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. JAMES SCRUGGS, to Mrs. MATILDA DUNLAP, both of Bucks county.

On the 18th ultimo, by the Rev. Christopher J. Crouch, Mr. THOMAS BRADY, to Miss LOUISA REARICK, both of this city.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. Dr. Clay, Mr. WILLIAM V. IRWIN, to Miss ELIZA FERRISTON, both of Smyrna, Delaware.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. ROBERT BRIGGS, to MARY TOWMAN, both of this city.

On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. A. A. Willits, Mr. WILLIAM D. DEAL, to Miss AMANDA L. SOWERS, both of this city.

On the 17th ultimo, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. THOMAS BENTLEY, to Mrs. ELIZABETH KNOX, both of this city.

On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. Henry Day, Mr. JOHN G. RICH, M. D. to Miss ANNA C. WALTON, both of this city.

On the 2d ultimo, by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. WILLIAM HEARMONT, of Hubbardsville, Esq. to Mrs. CATHARINE QUIG, of this city.

On the 31st ultimo, by the Rev. C. F. Turner, Mr. SAMUEL WITHAM, to Miss MARGARET M. BACON, both of Philadelphia.

On the 4th of Dec. last, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. WILLIAM E. WILMER, to Miss JANE GILLAM, daughter of the late Capt. Jesse Gillam, all of Philadelphia.

On the 11th ultimo, by the Rev. William Barnes, Mr. JAMES M. CLEMENTS, of Cecil county, Md. to Miss LUCY F. WHARTON, of Philadelphia.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. WILLIAM E. GILCHRIST, to Miss SARAH E. CONSWELL.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. J. A. Hemberger, D. D., Mr. LOUIS KROMBERGER, to Miss DEBORAH DEAN, both of this city.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. William Barnes, Mr. JULIUS MOUNTNEY, to Miss ANNIE E. SIMILER, daughter of Wm. M. Similer, both of this city.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. C. P. Wing, Mr. THOMAS F. SULLIDAY, of this city, to Miss LOUISA A. daughter of N. W. Woods, Esq. of Carlisle, Pa.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. B. R. Miller, Mr. JAMES B. CARR, to AMANDA, daughter of Robt. M. Roy, both of Philadelphia.

On the 25th ultimo, by Friends' ceremony, WILLIAM L. GARRETT, to HANNAH A. daughter of the late Dr. Joseph Hackman, all of Willistown, Chester county.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. S. Morse, HENRY GOLDSMITH, to PAULINA, daughter of the late D. Cromelien.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 31st ultimo, GEORGE W. GRAVES, aged 33 years.
Of scarlet fever, MARGARET, daughter of Robt. and Ann McIntyre, aged 7 years.
On the 31st ultimo, MARY JANE, daughter of Mr. Stephen Barnes, aged 6 years.
On the 1st instant, THOMAS PINCKNEY, son of Morris and Susan Brown, aged 6 years and 3 months.
On the 1st instant, ELIZABETH MARTIN, aged 5 years.
On the 31st ultimo, Mr. JACOB TRIPLER, aged 80 years.
On the 1st instant, JOHN T. CUNNINGHAM, aged 30 years.
On the 1st instant, THOMAS MCKEON, aged 4 years.
On the 31st ultimo, PRUDENCE ECCLES, aged 11 years.
On the 1st instant, Mrs. MARY THOMAS, aged 51 years.
In South Camden, on the 1st instant, MARY WILLIAMS, aged 3 years.
On the 30th ultimo, ELLA ELIZABETH, daughter of H. C. and Amanda E. Keller, aged 7 years.
On the 26th ultimo, Mrs. ELIZABETH VISDEN, aged 76.
On the 31st ultimo, Mrs. JANE, relict of the late Jacob Britin, aged 53 years.
On the 30th ultimo, DAVID H. CHAMPION, formerly of Cape May, aged 33 years.
On the 31st ultimo, REBECCA, wife of Robert McAdams, aged 22 years.
On the 24th ultimo, JOHN WILLIS, son of David and Louisa W. Edwards, aged 9 years.
On the 28th ultimo, ANDREW REDHEFFER, aged 46 years.
On the 28th ultimo, HARRY AUGUSTUS, son of AUGUSTUS C. and MYRA MAYER, aged 4 years.
On the 29th ultimo, AMANDA FRAZIER, aged 6 years.
On the 29th ultimo, MARIA, wife of Isaiah Reif, aged 56.
On the 30th ultimo, Mrs. ELIZABETH PAXTON, aged 73.
On the 30th ultimo, Mrs. SARAH, wife of Daniel Gilbreath, aged 32 years.
At Baltimore, on the 29th ultimo, SILAS G. LEVERING, aged 61 years.
On the 28th ultimo, JOHN T. MITCHELL, aged 47 years.
On the 24th ultimo, SETH WHILDEN, aged 54 years.
On the 27th ultimo, Miss MARY WECKERLY.
On the 27th ultimo, Mrs. ELIZABETH HAITON, wife of Mr. Geo. Keshline, aged 36 years.
On the 28th ultimo, JACOB KRIER, aged 92 years.
On the 30th ultimo, Mrs. ANN JANE, wife of Mr. Andrew J. Hallach.
On the 28th ultimo, CHARLES AUGUSTUS, son of Theo. and Anna Zimmerman, aged 2 years.
On the 27th ultimo, MARTHA WASHINGTON, daughter of Harriet and the late Andrew Byers, aged 10 years.
On the 27th ultimo, JUSTIS E. son of Jos. and Margaretta Yardley.
On the 27th ultimo, CHARLES BOEHME, son of Jos. W. and Rebecca B. Fleckwir, aged 3 years and 5 months.

I WILL SEND ALL THOSE FAMOUS 81 Recipes, Chances to Make Money, &c., and the Cook, Dinner, Harvest and others—also, SECRET OF BEAUTY, Brown's Great Discovery. Also, how to make very best HONEY, PATENT STARCH POLISH, American Washing Fluid, &c. All the above (128 Receipts) sent by mail for 25 cents! Address M. M. SANBORN, Stockholm Depot, New York. apl1 2t

FOR ONLY $3.—PERMANENT EMPLOYMENT in a good business, and a profit of $36 per month guaranteed. For particulars, enclose stamp to AGENCY, HARMONY, R. I. apl1-2t

WANTED, 300 ACTIVE YOUNG MEN, AT A SALARY OF $100 PER MONTH! A capital of $5 only required. Full particulars given, free, to all who enclose a postage stamp, or a three cent piece, and address A. B. MARTIN, Paistow, N. H. feb21-13t

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, By WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, *No. 23 South Third Street.*

PHILADELPHIA, April 6, 1857.

PENNSYLVANIA.
Solvent bks par to ¼ dis
Relief notes ¼ dis
Lancaster bank 40 dis
Erie City bk 20 dis
Bk of Newcastle 50 dis
NEW JERSEY.
Solvent bks par to ¼ dis
Morris bk Br'dgton 30 dis
Wheat Grower's bk Newton 30 dis
DELAWARE.
Solvent bks par
Under 5's ¼ dis
MARYLAND.
Valley bk Hagerstown no sale
Solvent bks par to ¼ dis
Far & Mec bk Kent co 1 dis
DIS. OF COLUMBIA.
Exchange bk 20 dis
Solv bks ½ dis
NEW YORK.
Solv bks par to ¼ dis
8th Avenue bk ¾ dis
Knickerbocker bk 1½ dis
Far bk Onondaga 25 dis
Mer & Mech bk Oswego 30 dis
Ex bk Buffalo 30 dis
Empire City bk ½ dis
Central bk 1½ dis
Champlain bk no sale
MAINE.
Solv bks ½ dis
Bk of Hallowell ½ dis
Ellsworth bk 60 dis
Maritime bk Bangor 15 dis
Canton bk South China no sale
Exchange bk no sale
Hancock bk 25 dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.
Solv bks ¼ dis
Lancaster bk closed
VERMONT.
Solv bks ½ dis
South Royalton bk 2 dis
CONNECTICUT.
Solv bks ½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.
Solv bks ½ dis
RHODE ISLAND.
Solv bks ½ dis
Bk Repub Providence 2½ dis
CANADA.
Solv bks 2 dis
Zimmerman 5 dis
VIRGINIA.
Solv bks ¼ to ½ dis
Bk of Kanawha 16 dis
Corp'n Alexandria 2 dis
NORTH CAROLINA.
Solv bks ½ to ¾ dis
Small notes 2 dis
GEORGIA.
Old bks ½ dis
New bks 2 to 5 dis
Bk Columbus no sale
Bk of Milledgville no sale
Man & Mech bk Columbus no sale
Planters' and Mech's bk, Dalton no sale
SOUTH CAROLINA.
Solv bks ½ dis
ALABAMA.
Bk of Mobile 1 dis
Other solv bks 5 dis
MISSISSIPPI.
All bks uncertain
LOUISIANA.
Solv bks 1 dis
OHIO.
Solvent bks 1 dis
Bk of Circleville 85 dis
Canal bk Cleveland 3 dis
KENTUCKY.
Solv bks 1 dis
INDIANA.
New solvent bks 3 dis
State bk 1 dis
Shawnee bk, Attica, no sale
Gramercy bk, Lafayette " "
Other bks 5 to 40 dis
ILLINOIS.
Peoples bk, Carmi 2 dis
Rushville bk, Rushville, 40 dis
Solvent bks 2 dis
Agricultural bk 20 dis
Amer Ex bk 20 dis
Bk Commonwealth 20 dis
MISSOURI.
Solv bks 1 dis
TENNESSEE.
Bk of East Tenn no sale
River Bank no sale
Solv bks 2 dis
Small notes 2½ dis
Central bk no sale
Farmers' and Mech's bk, Memphis no sale
New bks 2 to 5 dis
MICHIGAN.
Solv bks 2 dis
ARKANSAS.
All bks no sale
WISCONSIN.
Solv bks 2 dis
TEXAS.
Comm & Agricultural bk Galveston 5 dis

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER, No. 109 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing dull.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct		
" "	'62	114 —
" "	'67	117½ —
" "	'68	117½ —
" "	'85	107½ —
Phila 6 pr ct	97½	98½
" " new	95½	95¾
" 5 "	—	—
Cam City 6 pr ct	98	98
Pitts 6 pr ct	74	75
" coupon	74½	75
All'gy city 6 pr ct	84	85
" county	75	77½
Allegh RR 6's	66	70
Penn " 5 "	84½	85
" coupon	85	89½
Tenn 6 pr ct	99	99½
" 5 " coupon	76½	77
Kentucky 6 pr ct	102½	103
Penn RR 6 pr ct	97	97½
2d m'rt loan '83	86	86½
C & Am RR 6 pr ct	76	77½
P G & N RR "	99	100
Reading RR "	71	74½
" 6 "	86	89
H & Lan RR "	89	90
P & S RR ? "	76	78
Cha Val RR "	39½	40
Tioga RR "	80	83
Phil Wil & Bal	—	—
'60 RR 6 pr ct	86	86½
Long Island "	69	70
Sch Nav '82 "	64	64½
Lehigh Nav "	91½	92
Mort "	82	83
C & D C) "	70	75
Sus & Tid '75"	—	59½
Union Canal	66	66½
Will'ms & Elmira 1st mort 7 pr ct	95	96
2d " 7 "	83	85
Catawissa " "	64½	64½
North Penns 6 pr ct	59½	59½
RAILROAD STOCK.		
Cam & Amboy	127	127½
Penna	49	49½
Hes Meadow	34½	35
North Penns	12½	13
Phi Ger & Nor	40	42
Reading	39½	39½
" preferred	44½	50
Minehill	63	64
Har & Lan	54½	55
Chester Valley	44	50
Tioga	12	—
" preferred	20	—
P W & Balt	32	35
Long Island	12½	13½
Wil'sport & Elmira	20½	21½
Catawissa	11½	12
CANAL STOCKS.		
Sch Nav	15½	16
" preferred	30	30
Lehigh Nav	76½	77
Morris	35½	36½
" preferred	84	85
C & Del	—	70
Union	12	12½
Sus & Tidewater	8	9
BANK STOCKS.		
North Amer	186	188
Penna	111½	112
Philada	129	129½
Far & Mec	65½	66
Commercial	41½	42
N Liberties	60	65
Mechanics	29½	30
Southwark	80	83
P Township	39½	40
Kensington	66	75
Girard	17½	18
Western	90	70
Man & Mech	30½	31½
Commerce	70	72
Tradesman's	87	—
City	82½	84
Consolidation	29½	30
Pittsburg	90	—
M & M Pitts	62	—
Exch Pitts	80	—
Kentucky	114½	115½
Northern, Ky	120	122½
Louisville, Ky	110	112
Farmers, Ky	112	113
Union, Nash Tenn	100	—
Plant's, Tenn	100	—
Com & R Vicks	6	6½
N O Gas Co	122	130

HEALTH DEPENDS UPON PURE BLOOD.—Thin and acrid blood cannot secrete healthy bile, and therefore the first thing for those who are dyspeptic should be to commence the purification of their blood.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS

Not only purify, but they make the blood richer, and add those principles upon which the power to resist disease, depends.

MILD OPERATION WITH SUCCESSFUL EFFECT ARE THE PECULIARITY OF BRANDRETH'S PILLS. Now that we may soon expect genial spring, it is of great importance that a few doses be used by the wise. Our race are subject to a redundancy of vitiating bile at this season, and it is as dangerous as it is prevalent; but Brandreth's Pills afford an invaluable and pleasant protection. Taken in equal use, we prevent the collection of these impurities, which, when in sufficient quantities, cause so much danger to the fine organs of the stomach and bowels. They soon cure liver complaint, dyspepsia, loss of appetite, pain in the head, heart-burn, pain in the breast bone, sudden faintness and costiveness. In brief, Brandreth's Pills work their way to the very roots of the disease, cleansing in their passage, removing every unhealthy accumulation, till the blood is purified, the whole system renovated, and the functions and duties of life become a pleasure, where before they had been sad and weary burdens.

We have thousands of similar testimonials to the following, and such evidence can be had from living witnesses all around us in every side. It is from a gentleman of high respectability, whose letters can be seen at the Principal office. He writes:

"I am now fifty-two years of age. * * * * *
For twenty years I have used your Pills as my family medicine, and I wish no other; and I have never had occasion to call a physician in my family, (save in the sickness of my wife with child-bed) during the twenty years."

TRUE MEDICINAL PRINCIPLES.

Never extract blood. Blood is the life. By extracting it in painful diseases you may occasion the patient ease, but *remember this case is only the reduction or lessening the power to feel.* And by thus taking away nature's tools, you may prevent her from fully repairing the ravages of inflammation, and convert what might only have been the sickness of a few days or weeks into a chronic affection of months or years.

PURGING BY MEANS OF BRANDRETH'S PILLS.

This is the means which accords with nature—nature's remedy in fact. When sudden, acute or continued pain occurs, then is the time to securely say, you must take a medicine that will surely purge. There must be no shilly shallying, because every minute lost may be fatal.

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EMPLOYMENT FOR ALL TIMES.

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IF YOU ARE BALD AND WISH A GOOD HEAD OF HAIR, EYEBROWS, MOUSTACHE or WHISKERS grown quickly, or the color of your hair changed—enclose four stamps to PROFESSOR BIRDSALL, New York Post Office, and receive his valuable Book, containing full instructions to accomplish these objects. apl-2t

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apl1-2t R. L. ALLEN, 189 Water St., New York.

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both in this country and in Europe. It is worn by 1,200 persons, and with most astonishing success. In competition with thirty other substitutes of the best French, English, and German manufacture it received the award of the *Great Medal* at the *World's Exhibition in London* as the *best artificial limb known.* In this country it has been thirty times exhibited, in competition with all others at the Annual Fairs in the principal cities, and has, in every instance, received the award of the *highest or first premium. And as a crowning honor*, by the unanimous approval of an international council, the "First Premium"—only Silver Medal given for Limbs—was awarded the inventor at the New York Crystal Palace.

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THE GREAT BOOKS OF THE YEAR.

BELCHER'S HISTORY OF ALL RELIGIONS
IN TH

Wit and Humor.

RAILROAD CAR DELIGHTS.—At Framingham the usual nuisances of railroad cars commenced. First appeared the small boy with the Boston newspapers, which had been brought to him by our train; then the dirty boy, with the parched corn, who, in the intervals of trade, dabbles among his merchandise with his sore hand, and devours so much of that dry commodity, that you are fain to believe him to be his own best customer; then the big boy, with the fearful apples, "three for five cents;" and finally that well known and most indefatigable wretch with the "lozengers;" who, on this occasion, actually sold a roll of the description called "checkerberry" to an elderly individual of the Muggins family sitting near me, who eat them, and, to my great joy, became wofully disordered in consequence. But the boy with the accordeon was not there—I think he has not yet got so far North. It was but the week before that I had met him, however, on the Philadelphia cars. It was after eleven o'clock; the train had passed New Brunswick, and the passengers were trying to sleep, (ha! ha!) when the boy entered. He was a seedy youth, with a seal skin cap, a singularly dirty face, a gray jacket of the ventilating order, and a short but remarkably broad pair of "corduroy corduroys." He wore an enormous bag or haversack about his neck, and bore in his hand that most infernal and detestable instrument, an accordeon. I despise that instrument of music. They pull the music out of it, and it comes forth struggling and reluctant, like a cat drawn by the tail from an ash-hole, or a squirrel pulled shrieking from a hollow log with a ramrod. This unprincipled boy commenced pulling at his thing, and horrified us with the most awful version of that wretched "Dog Tray" that I ever listened to. Then he walked around the car, and collected forty-two cents. Then he returned to the centre of the car, and standing close to the stove, which was red-hot—the night being cold—he essayed to pull out "Pop Goes the Weasel," when suddenly pop went the boy; he dropped the accordeon, burst into tears, and clapping his hands behind him, executed a frantic dance, accompanied by yells of the most agonizing character. I saw it all, and felt grateful to a retributive Providence. He had stood too close to the *stove*, and his corduroys were in a light blaze; a few inches below the termination of the gray jacket was the seat of his woe. After he got on fire the conductor put him out, and a sweet and ineffable calm came over me. I realized that, "whatever is, is right," and I felt into a deep and happy sleep.—JOHN PHŒNIX, *in the Knickerbocker.*

A LEGAL CONSULTATION.—A certain lawyer in this city is noted for his promptitude in demanding payment of his fees, his lack of faith in human honesty leading him to suspect that everybody is determined to cheat him. His plan is the same that newspapers are sometimes compelled to adopt—to collect subscriptions in advance. He considers that if he is unable to get his own fees before the action is commenced, he will prove hardly competent to gain his client's cause afterwards.

A short time ago a gentleman in the tailoring line called on him and informed him that he wished to hold a short consultation with him, respecting a suit which he was about to commence.

"My fee will be five dollars for a consultation."

"What!" exclaimed the man of cloth.

"Five dollars, if you please—and I generally take the fee in advance," and he reached forth his hand for the expected fee.

"No, you don't," said the tailor, making his way towards the door; "you can't play that off on me."

"There's nothing wrong or unprofessional about it," said the lawyer with severity.

"I can't help that—you must get your five dollars out of the other party."

"No, that'll never do. Never heard of such a proceeding."

"Well, then, I'm blowed if I don't abandon the suit, and you may get somebody else to make it!"

"What suit *are* you thinking about," asked the mystified lawyer.

"Why, the suit of clothes you won of Jim ——— on the election. I came to consult you about the color, and I shan't pay five dollars for advice, by a blamed sight!"

"Oh—ah—um! That's a different case. I rather think *I'll* have it green!"—*Bost. Herald.*

GOIN' A'TER RECRUITS.—Captain Wallen started down from the Dalles to Vancouver, to bring up a party of recruits to fight the Iccomotive Indians. He stopped for the night at the Cascades, in the house of an old man called "Uncle Sammy," an inquisitive old fellow, about eighty six, and deaf as a haddock. After supper the old man, old woman, and Wallen drew up chairs around a blazing wood fire. The old man immediately commenced applying the brake, (good expression for *pump?*)

"What are ye goin' daown to the maouth of the river for?"

"After recruits," replied Wallen, at the top of his voice.

"Hey?"

"After re-cruits!" roared Wallen again.

"Can't hear ye."

Then the old lady moved round, and putting her mouth to the old man's ear, shouted, in a voice that would have done credit to Stentor after he'd got a little in years:

"He's agoin' daown—arter re-cruits—sugar—and—coffee—and *sich?*"

A DARING YOUNGSTER.—A friend of ours who has two charming daughters, one of whom has been drawn this way by matrimony, that makes sad breaks in families sometimes, declared that if any one should come after the remaining daughter, he would shoot him. A queer customer, who saw her for the first time a few evenings since, and was struck by her grace and beauty, said, on being told of the threat—"Well, that's all right enough; though if I was a young man, I'd risk one shot, anyhow."

WHAT ADAM SAID OF PORTUGAL.—When reminded of their want of progress in agriculture and manufactures, the Spaniards relate a legend that Adam, once upon a time, requested leave to revisit this world; leave was granted, and an angel commissioned to conduct him. On wings of love the patriarch hastened to his native earth; but so changed, so strange all seemed to him, that he felt at home nowhere till he got to Portugal. "Ah, here," exclaimed he, "set me down here; everything is here just as I left it."

A BACKWOODS PREACHER.—Several volumes have recently been published, which give the experiences of the pioneer itinerant preachers of the Western States—men of great worldly wisdom—fearless—energetic—but rough, uncultivated, and very bigoted. The autobiography of Peter Cartwright is one of the best works of the class above named. We quote therefrom the following characteristic incident, which occurred at a camp meeting in the year 1813:—

"A young man had occasioned some trouble by his disorderly conduct, and at length Cartwright 'reproved him personally and sharply,' and said, 'I mean that young man there, standing on the seats of the ladies, with the ruffled-shirt on;' and added, 'I doubt not that ruffled-shirt was borrowed.' The young man was greatly incensed, and threatened to whip the preacher. Upon this Cartwright went up to him and said, 'We will not disturb the congregation fighting here; but let us go out into the woods, for if I am to be whipped, I want it over, for I do not like to live in dread.' They accordingly started for the woods, but they had not proceeded far when an involuntary motion of Cartwright's hand to his side so alarmed the rowdy that he took flight, under the supposition that the preacher was feeling for a dirk and intended to stab him. Cartwright started in pursuit, but did not overtake the fugitive, who was subsequently ducked in a pond by the other rowdies. Cartwright's reflections on this adventure are curious and worth quoting. 'It may be asked,' he says, 'what I would have done if this fellow had gone with me to the woods? This is hard to answer, for it was a part of my creed to love everybody, but to fear no one; and I did not permit myself to believe any man could whip me until it was tried; and I did not permit myself to premeditate expedients in such cases. I should no doubt have proposed to him to have prayer first, and then followed *the openings of Providence.*'"

HOW HIGH DO THEY COME?—An elderly young lady inquired at one of the fashionable hosier's for some silk hose. The attentive shopman displayed the articles, and the lady examined them narrowly, passed her hand down one of them, and holding them up, as if to see their length, asked,

"How high do they come?"

The shopman, not thinking that she meant to inquire the price, blushed to his brows, and stammered out,

"Well, really, Miss—Madame—I think about to the *knee!*"

The astonished lady's eyes flashed fire, and as she was little of a bine withal, she cried out—

"Well, you are the *ne plus ultra* of all shopmen. I didn't know there could be such a fool!" and leaving the hose on the counter, she sailed away.

DREADFUL!—Smith, a waggish mechanic, was going home last Sunday from a neighboring provision store, with a piece of salt pork, which he carried under his arm as neatly done up as if it had been a Russia bound copy of Watts on its way to a fashionable church.

"What ye got there!—a prayer book?" bawled an acquaintance.

"*No*—not exactly," said Smith, "it's a little (p) *salter!*"—*Post.*

HARRY H——'s MOUSTACHE.—Harry H——, of Providence, tells a good story of a young man who had a light and incipient *moustache.* One day, while fingering the few hairs, he said to Harry,

"Hadn't I better *dye* this moustache?"

"Oh, no," replied Harry, "let it alone and it will die of itself."—*Gazette.*

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

The dresses worn at the balls and evening fetes, which took place at Paris during the Carnival, were of very various kinds. Among the prettiest were those composed of the light materials most generally adopted at balls. A dress of white crape lisse was trimmed with five flounces graduated in width, and at the edge of each there was a bouillonne of white tulle with a running of mallow color ribbon. The corsage was trimmed with *revers* of blonde lace, edged at the inner side with a narrow ruche of gauze ribbon of the same tint as that employed for the runnings on the flounces. The top of the corsage was finished by a ruche of gauze ribbon, and in the centre of the corsage, within the open part left by the sides of the *revers*, there were three or four rows of ruches, one above the other. Frills in a style corresponding with the flounces, formed the trimming of the sleeves; bows of mallow color ribbon were placed one on each shoulder, one in the centre of the corsage at the top, and another at the point in front of the waist, the latter with long flowing ends. The lady who appeared in this elegant dress, wore rich bracelets of emeralds and brilliants. Her fan was composed of white feather, shaded with lilac, and was mounted in ivory, studded with emeralds. The head-dress consisted of a wreath of lilac convolvulus, terminating at the back in pendant sprays.

We have, on a former occasion, adverted to the fact that dresses of plain satin are gradually regaining favor, and we may now mention that a bridal dress, for an aristocratic marriage, has just been made of plain white satin. The skirt is trimmed with three flounces of Honiton lace, the corsage and sleeves being ornamented also with Honiton lace.

From a choice assortment of elegant head-dresses, we select the following as deserving of especial notice:

Two *coiffures*, in the style called the *petit bord*, have been made by a fashionable Parisian milliner, for two Russian princesses. One is of velvet of that brilliant hue called Rose-de-Chine, and the crown is of blonde. A beautiful white ostrich feather, twisted spirally, waves on one side, and on the other side bouquets of white and red roses. The other *petit bord* is of Azof green velvet, and the crown of white blonde. On one side there is a white feather, and on the other an aigrette of diamonds, with pearl loops and tassels.

For ball head dresses, narrow cordons of flowers or foliage, with tufts of marabout feathers at each side, are very fashionable. Nets made of pearls or of gold beads, are also much in favor. They are worn very small, merely enclosing the hair at the back part of the head. On one side may be placed a single rose, or a camelia.—*London Lady's Paper of March 7.*

☞ "The very moment I desire to become virtuous," says Confucius, "the attainment is made."

Elderly Gentleman thinks that Garroting's come to a pretty pass when it's openly practised in broad daylight. Where *are* the Police?

Agricultural.

SUGGESTIONS ABOUT STABLES.

In a previous article on the subject of the construction of stables we submitted a few suggestions, intended to aid those who feel desirous of doing everything possible for the comfort of their horses, in the work of planning *good* stables when about to build new ones, or to reconstruct old ones.

As several other suggestions, which were present to our mind while writing our former article, were omitted on account of our limited space, we return to the subject, and commence with remarking that provision should always be made, in some way or other, for a very free and sufficient ventilation in all stables. There are but few stables where this matter is sufficiently attended to. There are but few stables which do not emit a most offensive or disagreeable odor when the doors are first opened in a morning. A horse shut up in such an atmosphere for a considerable share of every twenty-four hours, can neither be as comfortable nor as healthy as he would be if provision had been made to secure a purer supply of air. The whole of the blood and humors of his system must be contaminated with the impurities of the atmosphere which he is obliged to inhale and imbibe through his lungs. This poisonous matter cannot be taken into the system for any great length of time without producing some disease, or, at least, some depression of strength and spirits, and a predisposition and readiness to be affected with actual disease. May not the dullness of eye, and want of sprightliness, which are sometimes observed in horses on first taking them out of the stable, be owing in a great measure to the impure atmosphere which they have been breathing during a long night, or a longer period of confinement in their stable? And may not the languor and logginess, the want of strength and vigor, which are quite common with some horses in the spring, be owing in a great degree to their being shut up in close, ill ventilated, and impure stables, during the winter months? However this may be, it is well ascertained that inflammation and weakness of the eyes, as well as coughs, colds, influenzas, and inflammations of the lungs, are often caused by confinement in the foul and unwholesome atmosphere of some much-neglected and ill-constructed stables. When horses, obliged to breathe such an atmosphere during winter, come to be exposed, as they naturally must be, to sudden changes of temperature in the spring, it need not be wondered at that they should readily take cold, and be attacked with serious and even fatal inflammations of the lungs.

Notwithstanding the truth and obviousness of these facts and considerations, horses are often shut up for whole days and nights in an atmosphere which man could not bear to breathe even one hour.

Two of the simplest contrivances which we have ever seen, to remedy the closeness and impurity of stables, were adopted by one who became sensible of the injury and discomfort inflicted on his horses by the use of stables open to these objections. The first consisted in opening several windows in the walls of the stable. These being hung, could be opened and shut more or less according to the weather. Another of these contrivances was the substitution of a door divided into an upper and lower half, in the place of a whole undivided door. As the door faced to the south, the upper half could be left open in almost all sorts of weather, save the most stormy and severely cold. By these means and the insertion of a sliding grating in the wall opposite, above the heads of the horses, a great improvement was effected in one stable; and by similar contrivances an improvement might be brought about in many others.

In building *new* stables, however, provision should be made of a more scientific and efficient kind. The object may be accomplished in various ways; but one of the best is to admit fresh air by means of a sliding grating at the back of each stall, and to have a hopper in the ceiling, with a trunk up to the roof, to allow the escape of heated and impure air.—*Albany Country Gentleman.*

CULTIVATION OF THE PEACH TREE.—Professor Mapes, of New Jersey, in treating of the cultivation of the peach tree, says that peach stones, in falling from the trees, always bury themselves alike, *point downwards*, and this ought to be imitated. Broad end upwards, the frost opens them and water enters. He describes a plan, the ideal of which is to fit the bud, in the process of budding, by cutting away so much of the bark as will allow the insertion of the bud in place of the removed bark. The peach tree must be set one inch higher than in the nursery from which it is taken. The new growth should be taken in, early in the next spring. The double labor is a fruit bud, and the stock should never be shortened in next to it. If a peach be borne on the end of a long, straggling, dependant branch, its death is not far distant. Peach trees eighteen years old may be rendered fruitful by proper treatment. The soil must be disturbed early, or there will be no crop. A very large hole ought to be made in planting.

BENEFITS OF SAWDUST.

Mr. Editor:—I propose to give you some of my views of the benefits of sawdust for agricultural purposes, together with my method of applying it. The first use I make of it is in bedding for my stock, such as cattle, horses and hogs—not forgetting even poor biddy's quarters. I am satisfied this is economy in more than one point;—first, it is so comfortable for the poor creatures to rest their weary limbs upon. Why, sir, it would do your heart good to see how comfortable and happy they look, lying there upon it, chewing their cud; then, when you come to make your daily draft upon poor mucoley for that indispensable requisite to give your coffee its delicious flavor, you can do it without being under the necessity of scraping and digging through, or, with sponge and tub of water, washing off the accumulated filth, before you can find where she keeps her rich deposits of milk and cream.

Second, it absorbs all the urine of the cattle, which is a very great item, as it adds at least 100 per cent. to the yearly amount of manure, aside from the sawdust itself. This, with the manure, is all thrown into the cellar, where the hogs take charge and commence their operations, which have thus far been to my entire satisfaction, their work being thorough; for, with a sprinkling of corn, by way of encouragement to them, it becomes well incorporated into a mass of excellent manure. There it remains until I want to put it *into* the ground—not *on* it, to dry up and evaporate and be carried off in the atmosphere, until my neighboring farmer gets more than I retain for my own benefit,—by ploughing or cultivating it as soon as practicable—for I think it bad husbandry to allow manure to lay exposed to the sun, wind and rain, either in the field or barnyard.

Again, I think sawdust profitable to apply to all clayey soils, on account of its capacity of absorbing moisture in time of excessive rains, consequently preventing the clay from becoming so moist as to apparently form mortar, which, when it becomes dry, will be so hard that vegetation will find it difficult to subsist upon, much more to grow and flourish luxuriantly in, notwithstanding the soil otherwise might be in a condition from which, under favorable circumstances, the farmer might expect good crops.

Again, sawdust well incorporated into clay soil serves to keep it loose and porous, so as to admit light and air, which are necessary to the growth of vegetation, as well as to early maturity, which is very essential in this region—Where the land upon side-hills is liable to become washed badly with rains, I am satisfied that a liberal application of sawdust will greatly improve the condition of the soil, by preventing the rains from carrying away the best and finest portions as well as the most nutritious, by holding together the particles of soil, and allowing the water to pass through. You will see all the cavities upon the surface become filled, forming a sort of filter, through which the water will pass, leaving the fine soil upon the surface.

Again, if it be a receiver—which no one will doubt—it is also a retainer; hence its value, by holding a supply of moisture to be appropriated to vegetation in time of severe drought.—Every farmer knows that our hard clay soil, unless it has been subsoiled or trenched, is affected more by drought than many other kinds, consequently it may be more profitable to use sawdust on clay soil than on others, although I have no doubt that it may be beneficial on any soil. I have used sawdust to some extent for the above purposes the three past years, although I have to transport it five miles. This year I shall use, probably, more than I have during the two previous years. I intend experimenting with it by preparing it with the salt and lime mixture so highly recommended by Professor Waring and others, and using it as above.—*Cor. Maine Farmer.*

CURE FOR ROSE BUGS.—Plant in the centre of your garden a few damask rose-bushes, and they will never light on anything else. We have a large garden, with almost every kind of fruit, vines, shrubbery, and flowers, with several kinds of roses, and in the centre we have four bunches of damask rose-bushes, and I never saw in the whole garden a rose bug on anything but the damask rose. When they are in blossom, I go into the garden once a day with a pan of hot water, and shake the bugs from these roses into the water, and get about a pint at one time; this I practice for a few days, and then they will disappear.—*Boston Cultivator.*

RABBITS AND TREES.—A correspondent from Howard's Point, writes:—"Rabbits may be prevented from destroying young peach and apple trees, by dipping a woolen rag in grease of some kind—hog's lard or the like—and rubbing the tree as far up as they can reach." He learned this from his neighbors, after he had lost some trees, and since such application has been made, no tree has been touched.—*Prairie Farmer.*

☞ Carlyle says that each man carries under his hat a "private theatre," whereon a greater drama than is ever performed on the mimic stage is acted, beginning and ending in Eternity.

Useful Receipts.

REMEDY FOR SKIN DISEASES.—At an agricultural meeting in Ulster, Ireland, on February 6th, Mr. McLeish read the following statement:—

"Permit me to call your attention to a material that I have used extensive for the last twenty-five years, and which, during a great portion of that time, had the effect of curing diseases of the skin of animals, such as scratching of the heels, irritation on the skin, mange, &c., &c. I have also applied it to ring-worm on children, with perfect success, and to an old wound on a man's leg that, with the constant irritation, used to break out in an angry sore, with the same result; eruptions on the beard, and, in one instance, on the head, where the hair fell entirely off in consequence of a fever, and the skin was broken out in small ulcers all over, and where a variety of specifics had been tried without the least success. After a few applications the head began to clean; and now there is a fine crop of hair, and the skin soft and pliable. In fact, everything in the shape of cutaneous disease, wherever I have applied this substance, has totally disappeared. The material is so simple, so easily procured, so cheap, and so perfectly harmless, should it not even do any good, that I hope its publicity, should you consider it of sufficient consequence to deserve that honor, will prove as useful to the friends of this society as I have found it to a very great number in my own experience. The article I refer to is the common Ammoniacal Liquor of the Gas-works, and the only thing to be observed particularly is to procure it perfectly free from tar, which can be easily done by filtering through paper; and where too strong, to add a little water. How far this would answer for scab on sheep, I have not had and opportunity of judging, but from its uniform efficiency in removing cutaneous diseases, in every instance where I have applied it, I have not a doubt of its usefulness in that particular."—*London Gardener's Chronicle.*

SWALLOWING POISON.—If poison should be swallowed accidentally, take two table-spoonfuls of ground mustard, mixed in warm water. It will operate as an instantaneous emetic.

FIRE IN THE CHIMNEY.—In cases of fire in the chimney, it is an excellent plan to put salt on the fire in the grate below, as it acts chemically on the flaming soot above.—This has been found to extinguish the fire in a short time, and deserves to be more generally known.

TO CLEANSE FEATHER BEDS.—Rub them over with a stiff brush, dipped in hot soapsuds. When clean, lay them on a shed, or any other clean place, where the rain will fall on them. When thoroughly soaked, let them dry in a hot sun for six or seven successive days, shaking them up well, and turning them over each day. They should be covered over with a thick cloth during the night;—if exposed to the night air, they will become damp, and mildew.

TO CLEANSE MATTRASSES.—Hair mattrasses that have become hard and dirty, can be made nearly as good as new by ripping them, washing the ticking, and picking the hair free from bunches, and keeping it in a dry, airy place several days. Whenever the ticking gets dry, fill it lightly with hair, and tack it together.

GLYCERINE A REMEDY FOR INSECT BITES.—A correspondent of the Society of Arts in Guatemala says glycerine is invaluable for a tropical traveller; a little of it applied to a mosquito bite, instantly relieves; "no scratching and sore on the legs as before; it is perfectly marvellous, and I would not travel on these coasts without it now."

BLOODY MURRAIN.—Take white oak bark from the tree, as much as you can hold with the thumb and fingers of both hands. Boil it in one gallon of water for a short time. Then pour off the water, and dissolve in it a lump of alum, the size of a walnut, and a lump of copperas of the same size. With this mixture drench the animal, and a cure will soon be effected.

TAINTED MEAT.—When meat is tainted, the taint may be removed by covering it a few hours with common charcoal, or by putting a few pieces of charcoal into the water in which the tainted meat is boiled.

HEALING OINTMENT FOR WOUNDS, &c.—Take a quarter of an ounce of white wax and and half an ounce of spermaceti, and put them in a small basin, with two ounces of almond oil. Place the basin by the side of the fire, till the wax and spermaceti are dissolved.—When cold, the ointment is ready for use. This is an article which it is much better to make than to purchase. When you make it yourself, you know that it has no irritating or inferior materials in it.

OLD TIME BARBARITY.—The Edinburgh Echo, of Jan. 10, 1779, says: "This day, Japhet Crooks, alias Sir Peter Stranger, stood on the pillory an hour at Charing Cross, after which a chair was brought up, and he being seated therein, the hangman, with a surgeon's instrument, somewhat resembling a sickle, cut off, pursuant to his sentence, one ear close to his head, which he held up for the view of an infinite number of spectators, and while the surgeon was dressing it and stopping the blood, the other was cut off, held in the same manner, after which the hangman, with a pair of scissors, slit up his nostrils, and seared them with a red-hot iron; of those operations, none seemed to affect him in any degree like that of burning."

A YOUNG MAN of fair fortune, from the country, recently made a conquest of what he considered a "lucrative young lady." At any rate, she and her sisters wore costly jewelry, and whenever the young man took tea at the home of his beloved, a splendid service of silver adorned the table. After the wedding, however, the service and the jewelry disappeared; and the bridegroom was quietly informed that they had all been borrowed from accommodating friends. Your men of property, from the country, must be cautious how they catch "rich wives" in the city.

THE RELIGION OF ENGLAND.—The doctrine of the Old Testament is the religion of England. The first leaf of the New Testament it does not open. It believes in a Providence which does not treat with levity a pound sterling. They are neither Transcendentalists nor Christians. They put up no Socratic prayer, much less any saintly prayer for the Queen's mind; ask neither for light nor right, but say, bluntly, "grant her in health and wealth long to live."—*Emerson.*

The Riddler.

CONGRESSIONAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 39 letters.

My 24, 9, 13, 4, 12, is a U. S. Senator.
My 3, 1, 18, 26, 6, 2, 29, is a Representative from Indiana.
My 7, 11, 32, 10, 34, 5, is a U. S. Senator.
My 17, 4, 14, 15, 18, 35, is a Representative from Ohio.
My 19, 8, 16, 37, 31, 20, is a U. S. Senator.
My 30, 19, 12, 13, is a Representative from Pennsylvania.
My 3, 28, 22, 1, 32, is a U. S. Senator.
My 33, 36, 2, 6, 10, is a Representative from California.
My 38, 34, 24, 35, 30, 4, is a U. S. Senator.
My 38, 31, 15, 16, 21, 22, is a Representative from Indiana.
My 3, 6, 33, 27, 1, 5, is a U. S. Senator.
My 36, 8, 1, 23, 25, 32, is a Representative from Iowa.

My whole is the name and birth-place of a distinguished Pennsylvanian. CHASE.

Sheffield, Pa.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 30 letters.

My 23, 3, is a neuter verb.
My 4, 30, is a preposition.
My 10, 28, 1, is a mischievous animal.
My 8, 24, 5, is a great companion for western men.
My 14, 2, 13, 16, is my native State.
My 20, 6, 12, 26, 21, is one of the U. S. A.
My 18, 13, 26, 14, 15, is a river in Asia.
My 25, 2, 21, 27, 12, is a river in the U. S. A.
My 29, 7, 9, 10, 16, will cause quite a stir next Spring.
My 11, 28, is sometimes used as a conjunction.
My 12, 9, 23, is a vessel much used in kitchens.
My whole was a topic for Madam Rumor in 1776 of the Union. M. T.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 49 letters.

My 16, 31, 20, 2, was a Scottish poet.
My 29, 30, 18, 8, 27, 7, 38, was the greatest scholar that England has produced.
My 7, 31, 4, 5, 48, 26, was an English historian.
My 31, 38, 26, 49, 14, 13, was a distinguished scholar, and metaphysician.
My 17, 8, 42, 9, 1, was an eminent English ph[illegible]an.
My 33, 45, 46, 21, was a Roman Emperor.
My 46, 15, 10, 42, 8, 16, 23, 24, was a King of [illegible].
My 11, 39, 48, 12, 5, 34, 44, 32, was a King [illegible] Egypt.
My 3, 4, 2, 33, 36, 20, 43, 39, 24, was a King [illegible] Italy.
My 31, 27, 39, 18, 11, 21, 18, was one of the Vice Presidents of the United States.
My 43, 17, 37, 47, 40, 45, was a King of England.
My 42, 28, 33, 38, 36, was one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence.
My 27, 39, 16, 34, 33, 28, 16, was an American General.
My 26, 28, 42, 40, 35, 36, was a King of England.
My 28, 35, 43, was an American General.
My 5, 44, 19, 35, 22, was a King of Persia.
My 16, 30, 18, 15, 19, 46, 43, 45, was a celebrated Indian chief.
My 41, 11, 24, 16, 7, was one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence.
My 40, 20, 37, 13, 40, 9, was a King of France.
My 24, 40, 5, 49, 23, was one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence.

My whole is a Spanish proverb.

St. Louis, Mo. FRENCH BROWN, JR.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVEN[illegible] POST.

My first's in your slumbers,
When over the earth
Night throws her curtain
Of black, and gives birth
To many dreams.

When rises the moon,
In her you will see,
Something that purports
My second to be;
So it seems.

In every sound,
Be it loud or low,
My second is found;
Is not that so?
Plain as day.

Where'd be the *world*,
If my fourth was gone,
It'd be an odd thing,
The sun'd shine upon,
I do say.

And now for my whole,
Well the farmer knows,
It is of much good
When the cold wind blows,
Wintry day.

Wheeling. XEL

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My *first* is useful to all—
We scarce could live without it;
'Tis eaten by great and small,
You will not doubt it.

My *second's* the place, wherein
My *first* lies under the sod,
And where it would always remain—
Till bidden forth by God!

My *whole* is beautiful reckoned,—
The home of a statesman and sage.
Should you stand at my *whole*, on my *second*
My first you will see, I'll engage.

GAHME

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Come, ye riddlers, come, one and all;
Listen to me, for 'tis to you I call.
Five letters do compose my name,
If you can't guess them you are to blame.
My 1st, 3rd and 5th, you'll all confess,
Is a useful article of a gentleman's dress.
My 3rd, 4th and 5th, is possessed by many,
Yet some are said to be without any.
An exclamation is my 1st and 3rd,
Of pleasure or joy, you've often heard.
My whole, although 'tis very small,
Without it none could live at all.

Warren, Vt. BAR.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EV[illegible] POST.

A dog in pursuit of a hare runs 2[illegible] as while the h[illegible] runs 23; they both together ran 2,700 rods; at which the dog overtakes the hare. How far was the hare a[illegible] of the dog at the beginning of the chase

Mo. QUINTILLI

CONUNDRUMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING PO[illegible]

☞ Why is one of James Buchanan's cabinet supposed to be opposed to "Woman's Rights?" A. Because he is at the head of the "Mail Department."

☞ What letter of the alphabet is always merry, helping to spell one grand division of the globe? A. A-merry-K. (America.)

☞ Why would Sorghum Saccharatum have rather sweet words for "Abel" to use to his "ther?" Ans.—Because he would have said sugar ca[illegible] ('Sugar, Cain.")

☞ What two letters of the [illegible]et are like a po[illegible] Siberia? Ans.—A N. (Ayer.)

☞ Why is Gen. Mourad [illegible] like a rat-terr[illegible] Ans.—Because he captured a he[illegible]

☞ When did the "Great Na[illegible]descend the menial work of "stripping" [illegible]m.—W[illegible] he stripped "Old Mos-cow."

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—John P. Brady, me a black walnut box of quite a small size. CLA[illegible] CAL ENIGMA.—"He that lives upon hope will [illegible] fasting." MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—[illegible] Bible first printed in America. CHARADE.—N. O' (nose.) CHARADE.—New Hope. RIDDLE.—[illegible] ANAGRAMS.—Maine, New Hampshire, Ver[illegible] Rhode Island, Florida, Indiana, Missouri, Ill[illegible] Delaware, Oregon, Maryland, Texas. ARITHM[illegible] CAL PROBLEM.—A's share 1917.50; B's share 1[illegible] C's share 1612.00; D's share 1254.50.

☞ There are some faults so nearly a[illegible] excellence, that we can scarcely w[illegible] vice without eradicating the virtu[illegible]